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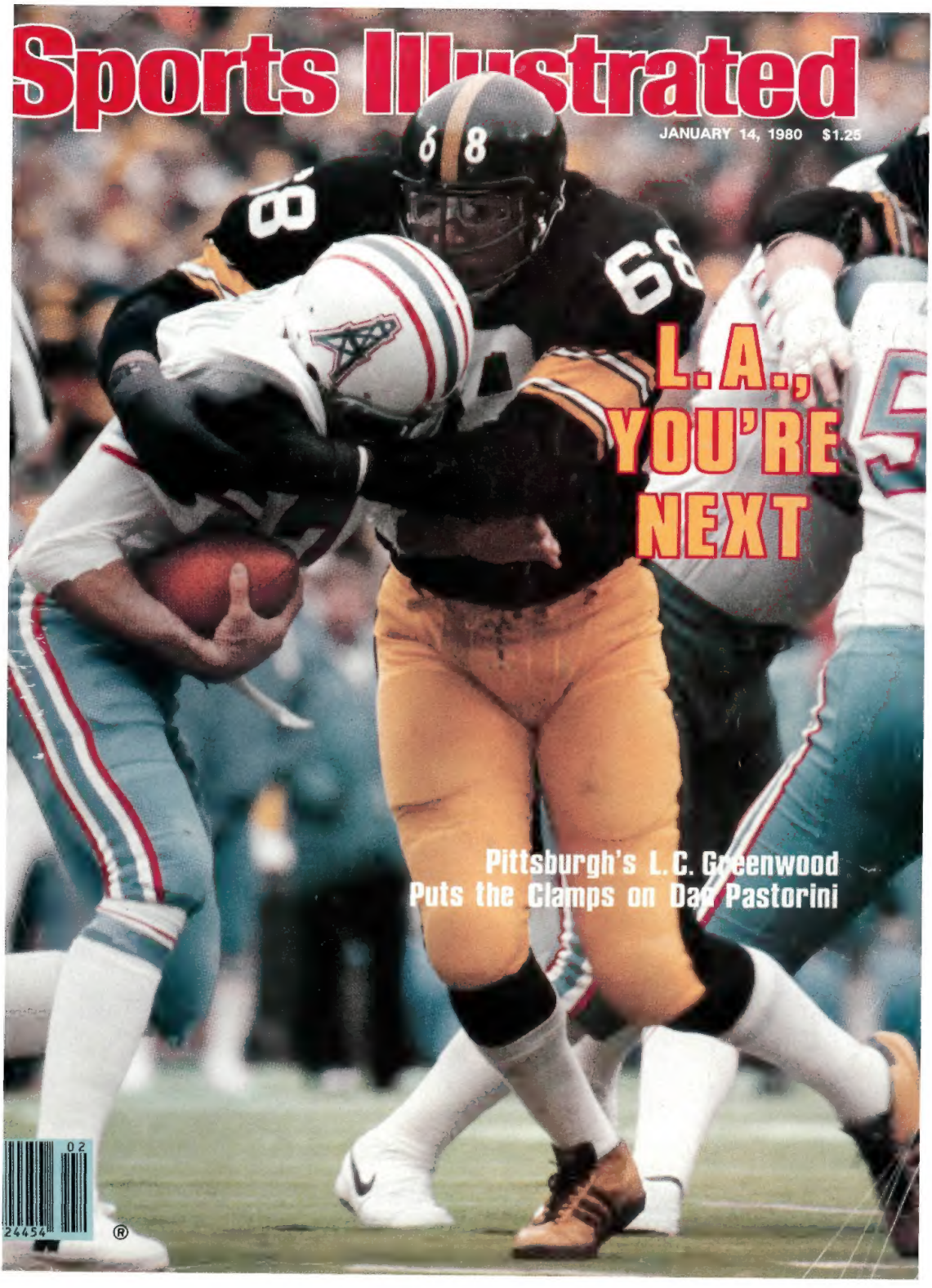

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Pittsburgh's L.C. Greenwood
Puts the Clamps on Dan Pastorini

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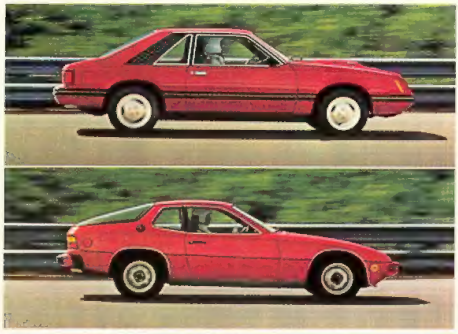
MUSTANG TURBO WITH TRX TIRES MATCHES



Acceleration: The Mustang Turbos accelerated 0—55 in an average of 8.78 seconds. The Porsche 924's averaged 9.69 seconds.

Cornering: Mustang Turbos matched Porsche 924's in all 7 aspects of this test (at speeds from 35 mph to limit and turning radiuses of 200 to 500 ft.)

Independent tests of three cars of each model show that the Mustangs with optional turbocharged engines and Michelin TRX tires matched the Porsches. The wide range of performance characteristics measured included acceleration, various aspects of handling, braking and overall driving performance. The results, certified by the United States Auto Club: Mustang performed as well as or better than Porsche 924 in 25 out of 29 test categories.

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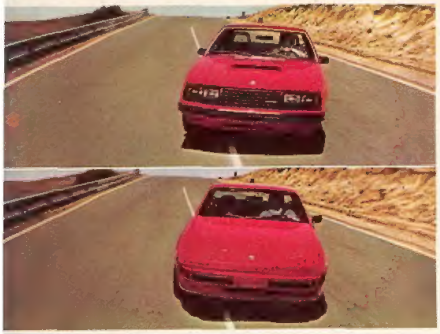

Steering Response: Mustang Turbos matched the Porsche 924's in all 3 aspects of this test (light, medium and hard lane changes at 60 mph).

Braking: Mustang Turbos' average braking distance was found to be superior in 3 out of 4 braking test conditions.

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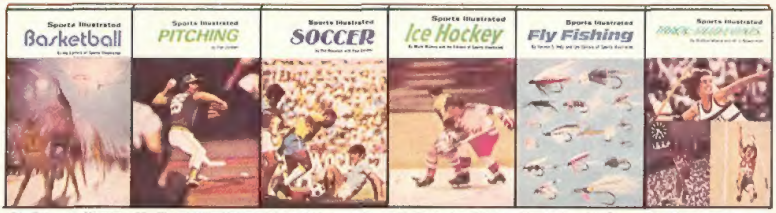

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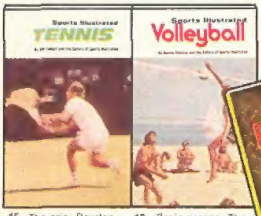

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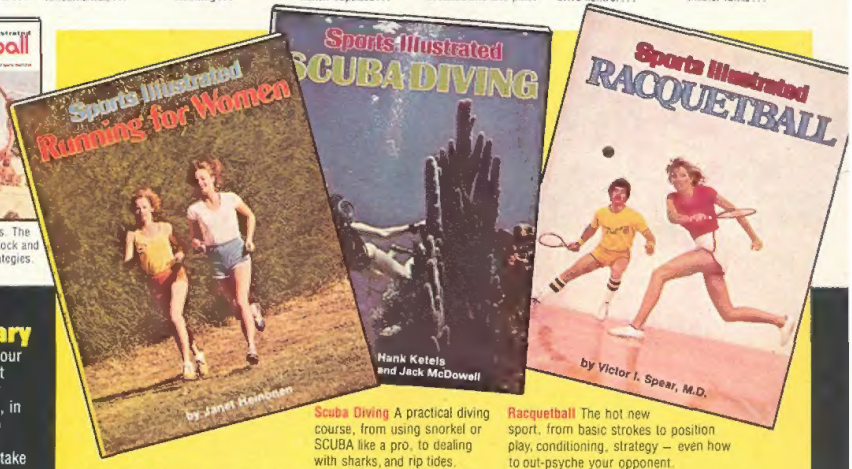

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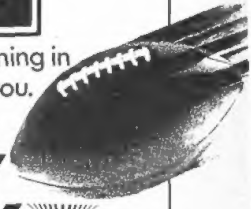

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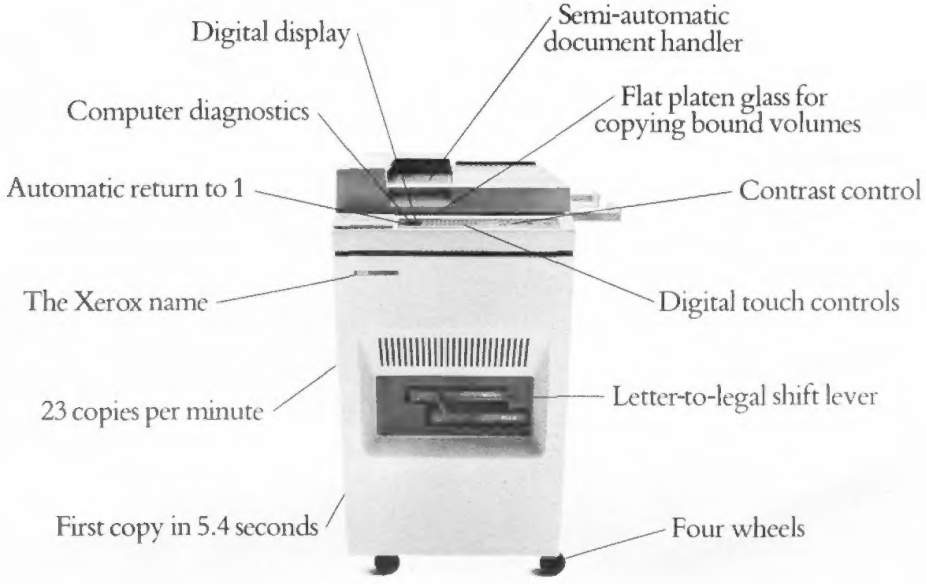

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CONTENTS

JANUARY 14, 1980 *Volume 52, No. 2*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

The NFL Playoffs 14

Aided by a controversial call against the Oilers, Pittsburgh turned back Houston 27–13 to win the AFC title **by Paul Zimmerman** 16

Aided by Tampa Bay's nothing offense, Los Angeles beat the Bucs 9–0 to win the NFC crown and its first Super Bowl berth **by Joe Marshall** 18

The Broad Street Streakers Skate On 22

Philadelphia's Flyers outsocked the Rangers and outscored the Sabres, extending their record unbeaten streak to 35 games **by E. M. Swift**

A Beautiful Rose, Even for 'Bama 28

USC's one-point win over Ohio State provided the best of the bowls—and an undisputed national title for Alabama **by Douglas S. Looney**

A Range of Diversity 110

The pastime of trailing, or finding tracks and other signs of wildlife, is best in the unique environment of Arizona's "mountain islands" **by Bil Gilbert**

The Departments

Scorecard	9	TV Radio	109	*Credits on page 127*
College Basketball	34	For the Record	127	
Track & Field	103	19th Hole	128	

Next Week

ANOTHER PGA ROAD SHOW starts with Bob Hope's Desert Classic. This year's path to golfing's sunny millions is clouded by sagging TV ratings and the absence of an attractive challenger to Tom Watson. Dan Jenkins looks to the season ahead.

THE ROAD TO SUPER BOWL XIV is paved with gold for Pittsburgh and L.A., thanks to the boardroom and public relations talents of Mr. P.R. himself, Pete Rozelle. Frank Deford profiles the NFL commissioner as he completes the 20th year of his reign.

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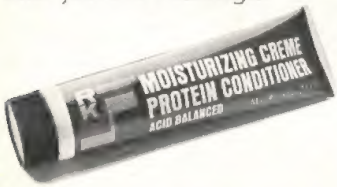

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

WADDY SCORED, PHOTOGRAPHER DIDN'T

The first week in January is usually our biggest for football coverage, especially for football photography—for the pictures in this week's issue, no fewer than 26 SI photographers and assistants converged on four college bowls and two pro playoff games. To be sure, they brought sophisticated equipment and expert technique to the task, but serious amateur photographers should not be overawed. Football is by no means an impossibly difficult game to shoot. With this in mind, we offer the following tips if you'd like to snap the action at a local high school or college game next season:

Practice makes perfect. Before venturing to the football field, take a 35 mm camera and telephoto lens to the nearest skating rink. Without film in the camera, practice "following focus" on a moving skater. It's good training for shooting any action sport.

Limit your equipment. The most important item is a telephoto lens. A 300 mm, the longest most people care to carry, will do fine. If you can handle a 500 or 600 mm, it's good for long shots downfield or pictures taken from the stands. On those occasions, a pistol grip with a cable release will steady your grasp. An 85 or 200 mm lens will work well for shots from a sideline or end-zone position. In any case, you can focus faster with internal-focusing, as opposed to barrel, lenses.

If you're shooting from the stands, one camera is enough. If you're on the sidelines, hang an additional camera with a 35 mm wide-angle lens around your neck, to use when the play is coming at you—the shot at left of Bill Waddy scoring the winning touchdown, in the Rams' playoff win over Dallas, is the sort of out-of-focus picture that results when the action is suddenly on top of you and you don't have an extra camera or time to change lenses. Pre-focus this camera for about 15 feet and when the action gets that close, grab it and click. You may not have time to look through the finder, but with practice you won't need to.

Get as close to the action as you can. The closer to the field you are, the better chance you have of catching the players' facial expressions and a feeling of motion. If you must shoot from the stands, get a seat at a low level, but not one so low that field-level spectators, coaches, players, officials—and photographers—obstruct your view.

Anticipate the play. This is the key to good football photography. In a short-yardage situation, for instance, move slightly ahead of the line of scrimmage in anticipation of a plunge. If it's a passing situation and you want to shoot the quarterback, move behind the line. If you're concentrating on the receiver on a probable short pass, stand right on the line because the receiver will usually turn back to catch the pass. To get him on a long pass, move well downfield. And when a team gets within scoring range, if you can manage it, shift from the sidelines to a spot behind the end zone.

Look for the unusual shot. The man with the ball doesn't always make the best subject. Some other possibilities: spectators, cheerleaders, frustrated coaches, injured players, one-on-one battles between linemen. Placekicks can make wonderfully dramatic pictures if you shoot the rush from the opposing end zone. Remember, football is not just a game; it's a pageant.

Finally, be prepared to work longer than the players. There are about 15 minutes of action in a football game. And about three hours of photography.

Peter D. Sutton

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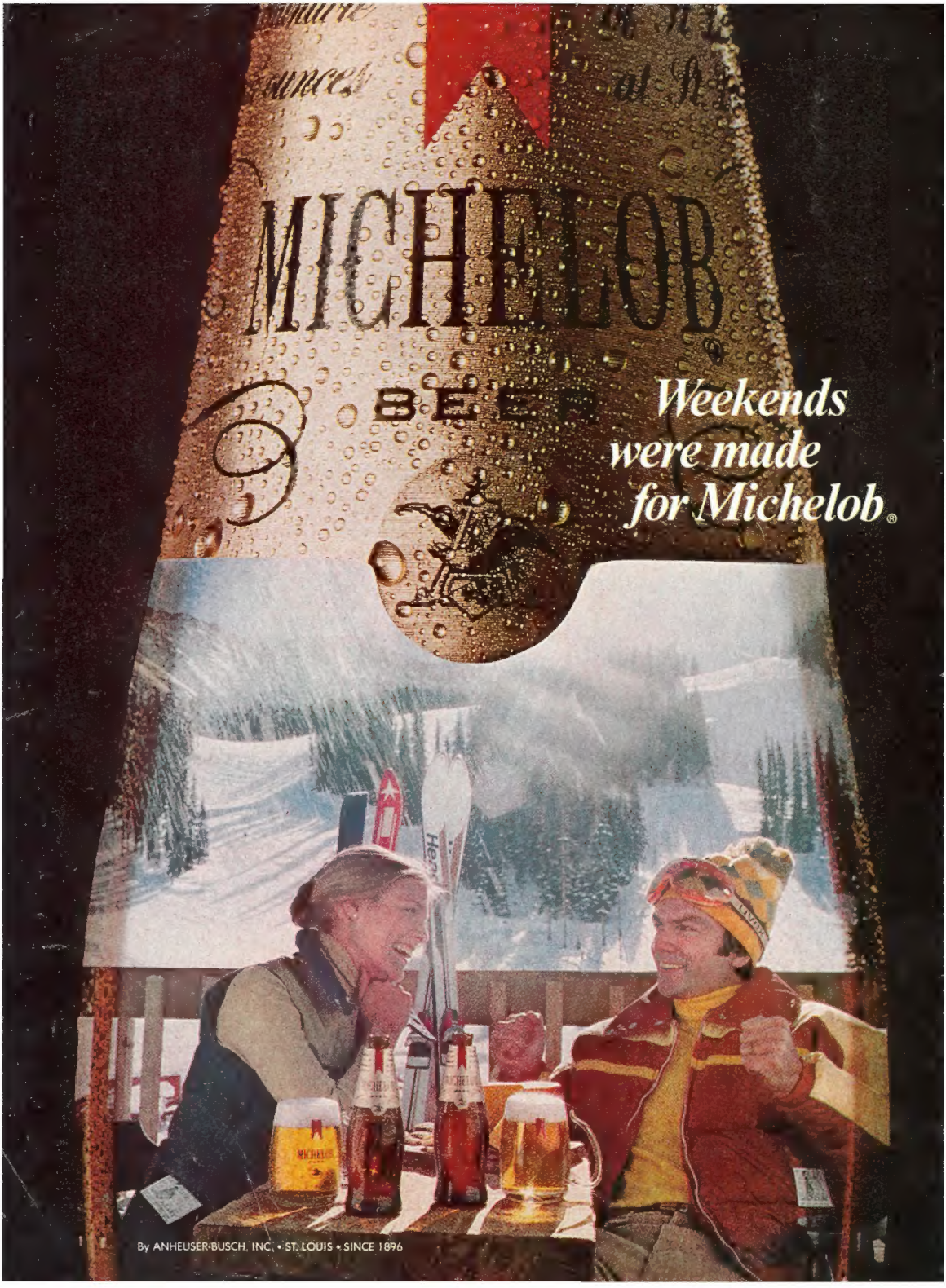
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SCORECARD

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SOMETHING SPECIAL

In the wake of the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, President Carter warned last week that "continued aggressive actions" by the U.S.S.R. could force the U.S. to withdraw from the Summer Olympics in Moscow. Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia said it was pulling out of the Summer Games, and calls for a boycott were heard in Britain and West Germany. Alarmed by all this, Olympic officials and would-be participants argued, predictably, that the Olympics were "above politics" and that "the athletes come first."

These outright objections to a boycott seem lame. As long as Olympians compete as members of national teams, attended by flags, anthems and other nationalistic trappings, the Olympics will never be above politics. Unmistakably political, too, are the Soviet Union's efforts to turn the '80 Games into a showcase for its system. And lamentable though a boycott would be for the athletes, the fact remains that world strife invariably causes hardships, often of a far more onerous nature. Nor should anybody discount the possibility that in combination with other actions, a boycott could have considerable impact on the Kremlin. Although the Olympics might well go on even in the face of a large-scale walkout, the Soviets would scarcely relish seeing their long-envisioned moment in the sun thereby clouded over.

Still, it is not being maudlin to suggest that the Olympics, politicized (and commercialized) though they may be, are special. They produce stirring, even elevating, human achievements that, unlike even the most enduring sonnet, are enjoyed en masse, transforming their vast audience into something akin to a world community. Far from being a single, isolated event, they also are the culmination of years of aspiration and effort by athletes everywhere. A cancellation or serious diminution of the Olympics would deprive the world of that at times transcendent culmination. Seen in this light, the Olympics are not "for" the Soviets; they are for everyone.

By stopping short of actually calling for a U.S. withdrawal from the Olympics, the President was, in a sense, acknowledging their value. If it appears that it might be awkward or dangerous for the U.S. to compete in Moscow or that a withdrawal might produce results that make such a step worthwhile, the U.S. will have plenty of time to act as the Games draw near. There is certainly no reason to rush.

INEXCUSABLE

Tony Thomas, a 20-year-old boxer, died last week in his native Spartanburg, S.C. of a brain injury similar to the one that caused the death of middleweight Willie Classen (SI, Dec. 10). Thomas, also a middleweight, had lapsed into a coma following a bout on Dec. 22 in Spartanburg against Sammy Horne.

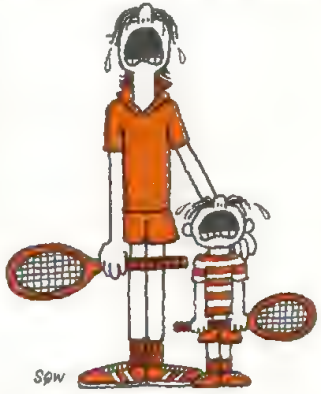
Thomas, who earned $50 for his night's work, had taken a standing eight count in the third round and was declared the loser when the referee stopped the fight in the fourth. He left the ring without assistance, but a short time later Horne visited Thomas in his dressing room and, as he said later, he thought Thomas "wasn't acting right." According to the promoter, Don White, the three doctors in attendance had left by then. The stricken boxer was taken to Spartanburg General Hospital, where a neurosurgeon operated to remove a blood clot from the brain.

The state of South Carolina has no boxing commission or any laws governing the sport. Spartanburg County, in which the fight was held, does have a commission of sorts, but it doesn't require referees to be licensed or boxers to undergo prefight physicals. Thomas had listed his record as 6–2 before the Horne bout, but local boxing people said this was Thomas' first professional fight; White said he didn't know. White was uncertain about the identity of Thomas' cornermen for the fight, although he said an uncle had signed as Thomas' trainer.

Later White said, "He [Thomas] signed a release, and in his contract it says that he would be in good condition for the fight and did not have any injuries. Even if he had had a physical, I don't think it would have changed anything." Perhaps not, but as Classen's death also demonstrated, public officials should do far more to assure the safety of boxers. Allowing bouts to be conducted without regulation is inexcusable. Promoters are in business for profit and should not be relied upon to protect anyone's interest but their own.

NASTY JR.

A few days before play was to get under way in the 12-and-under division at the Junior Orange Bowl International Tennis Championships in Coral Gables, Fla., tournament director Ellen de Tournillon received a telephone call at home from one of the entrants. The lad, a European, had just arrived at the airport with his mother and wanted to know why nobody was there to meet them. De Tournillon explained that the tournament couldn't possibly provide transportation and housing for all the players, something other entrants seemed to understand. Nonetheless, the youngster demanded free transportation, housing and meals. Relenting, de Tournillon picked up mother and child and booked a hotel room for them.



"He started out angry, and he stayed angry," says de Tournillon. "He is a very pushy and spoiled child, who complained about everything and caused a good deal of dissension and disturbance."

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continued

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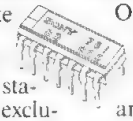

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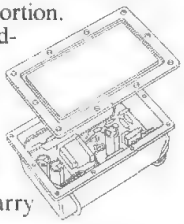

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courts for practicing while matches were being played on adjacent courts. The No. 10 seed in the boys' 12s, he was trailing seventh-seeded Nicholas Barone of Des Plaines, Ill. 6–4, 3–0 when he stormed off, claiming he had been cheated. When de Tournillon offered him a ride to the home at which by now she had arranged for him to stay, the boy blithely informed her that he and his mother had decided to remain at the hotel. Next morning he was scheduled to play a consolation match but left town without informing tournament officials.

And who, pray tell, is this little ray of sunshine? Why, Mihnea Nastase, 12-year-old nephew of the original.

BOWLERAMA

Back when bowl games were fewer and played mostly on New Year's Day, Leo and Linda Speros would've been plain out of luck. But bowls are now played all over the country and the calendar, and the Speroses—he's a Potomac, Md. restaurateur and a onetime Maryland football player—managed last month to see their three sons appear in three different bowls. On Dec. 15 they watched 19-year-old George, a freshman linebacker, play for Temple in its 28–17 victory over California in the Garden State Bowl in East Rutherford, N.J. On Dec. 22 they were in Memphis where 18-year-old Peter, a freshman tackle for Penn State, suited up—but didn't play—in a 9–6 defeat of Tulane. And on Dec. 31 they were in Atlanta to catch Jimmy, 20, a junior guard, in action for Clemson in a 24–18 loss to Baylor.

The Speroses have no other sons (they do have four daughters), so on Jan. 1 they watched the Rose and Orange Bowls on TV at home, presumably with a slightly empty feeling.

A CASE OF NEGLECT

A lawsuit in Canada brought by former Vancouver Defenseman Mike Robitaille against the Canucks raises serious questions about medical practices in professional team sports. British Columbia Supreme Court Justice W. A. Esson found the Canucks guilty of negligence and ordered the club to pay Robitaille $348,000 in damages. In so doing, Esson cast in the harshest possible light the accepted notion that there is something valiant about an athlete playing while injured.

Robitaille, an Ontario native, signed an NHL contract and left home to play junior hockey at 14. According to Esson's "reasons for judgment," he soon began suffering attacks of anxiety and depression, which continued after he made the NHL, with the Rangers, in 1970. In September 1976 Robitaille, now with the Canucks, was hospitalized for psychiatric treatment but rejoined Vancouver early in the 1976-77 season. He promptly suffered a flare-up of an old shoulder injury, but the Canuck management, maintaining that it was "all in his head," insisted that he play or be suspended.

Robitaille played but complained increasingly of neck pains. Esson says that during a road trip that began on Jan. 1, 1977, Robitaille suffered "symptoms of spinal cord disorder" but was given only "cursory" examinations by New York and Atlanta team doctors and was pointedly ignored by Canuck doctors after suffering further injuries in a game in Vancouver on Jan. 12. Throughout, the Canucks treated him as a "persistent complainer with mental problems," Esson wrote in his judgment.

On Jan. 19, 1977 Robitaille took a hard check from Pittsburgh's Dennis Owchar. Esson recounts that the player was "dragged from the ice in a clumsy and reckless manner," which may have aggravated his injury, and that in the locker room a Canuck doctor, Michael Piper, told Robitaille, "Go home to bed and have a shot of Courvoisier." Robitaille wound up in the hospital the next day, and his problem eventually was diagnosed as a cervical cord contusion. Even then, Vancouver General Manager Phil Maloney called him a "con artist," while Piper warned that he would be traded unless he "got it together again."

Robitaille never played another game. Testimony was elicited that Robitaille, who is now 31, suffers from a permanent spinal cord injury that causes numbness and involuntary jerking of his arms and legs and impairs his sex life, his ability to drive a car and his prospects for holding on to his $12,000-a-year job as a machinery salesman. Esson awarded Robitaille $435,000 but reduced the award by 20%—to $348,000—on the grounds that Robitaille was guilty of contributory negligence because he might have sought out a private doctor or simply refused to play. But the judge also noted that pro athletes are generally discouraged from consulting doctors on their own and are under pressure to conform to "the ethic of not being a complainer." He further concluded that team doctors usually resolve doubts in favor of keeping players in the lineup and that the health of players tends to be subordinated to "the team's interests" when those two factors are in conflict. Had "reasonable attention" been paid to Robitaille's well-being, Esson said, the player might have been spared the injury that has left him permanently disabled.

COUNTDOWN TO A DEBACLE

Norway's Grete Waitz arrived at San Francisco's Cow Palace Friday night primed for a new conquest. As she carefully plotted it, she would run the 3,000 meters in the Runner's World Indoor Classic in 8:48, thereby obliterating Jan Merrill's world indoor mark of 8:57.6. And sure enough, she covered the first mile just as she had planned, in a swift 4:42.1, and she remained almost perfectly on pace thereafter. So Waitz was distraught and confused when, upon hitting the tape ahead of her eight rivals, Merrill among them, she saw the infield clock flashing a disappointing 9:15.

What evidently happened was that with three laps of the 160-yard track remaining, the lap counter neglected to flip his numbered cards, thus mistakenly indicating there were still four laps to go. As a result, Waitz wound up running an extra 160 yards. Two stopwatches caught her at 8:50.8 and 8:51, respectively, for the 3,000, but it was unclear whether a world record would be sanctioned. In any case, Waitz was unhappy. Reason: because she had been misled by the lap counter's error, she had saved her sprint for the superfluous extra lap. "If I can run 8:51 without a kick, I could run 8:48 with one," she said tearfully. "I care less about official acceptance [of the record] than about being denied the opportunity to do my best."

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Stargell, explaining why he didn't become a free agent: "You pull up an old tree from the ground and move it, say, to California, well, you can damage the roots."
- Chico Resch, the New York Islanders' loquacious goaltender: "If I wasn't talking, I wouldn't know what to say."
- Dewey Selmon, Tampa Bay Buccaneer linebacker, who is working on a Ph.D. in philosophy at Oklahoma: "Philosophy is just a hobby. You can't open up a philosophy factory."

END

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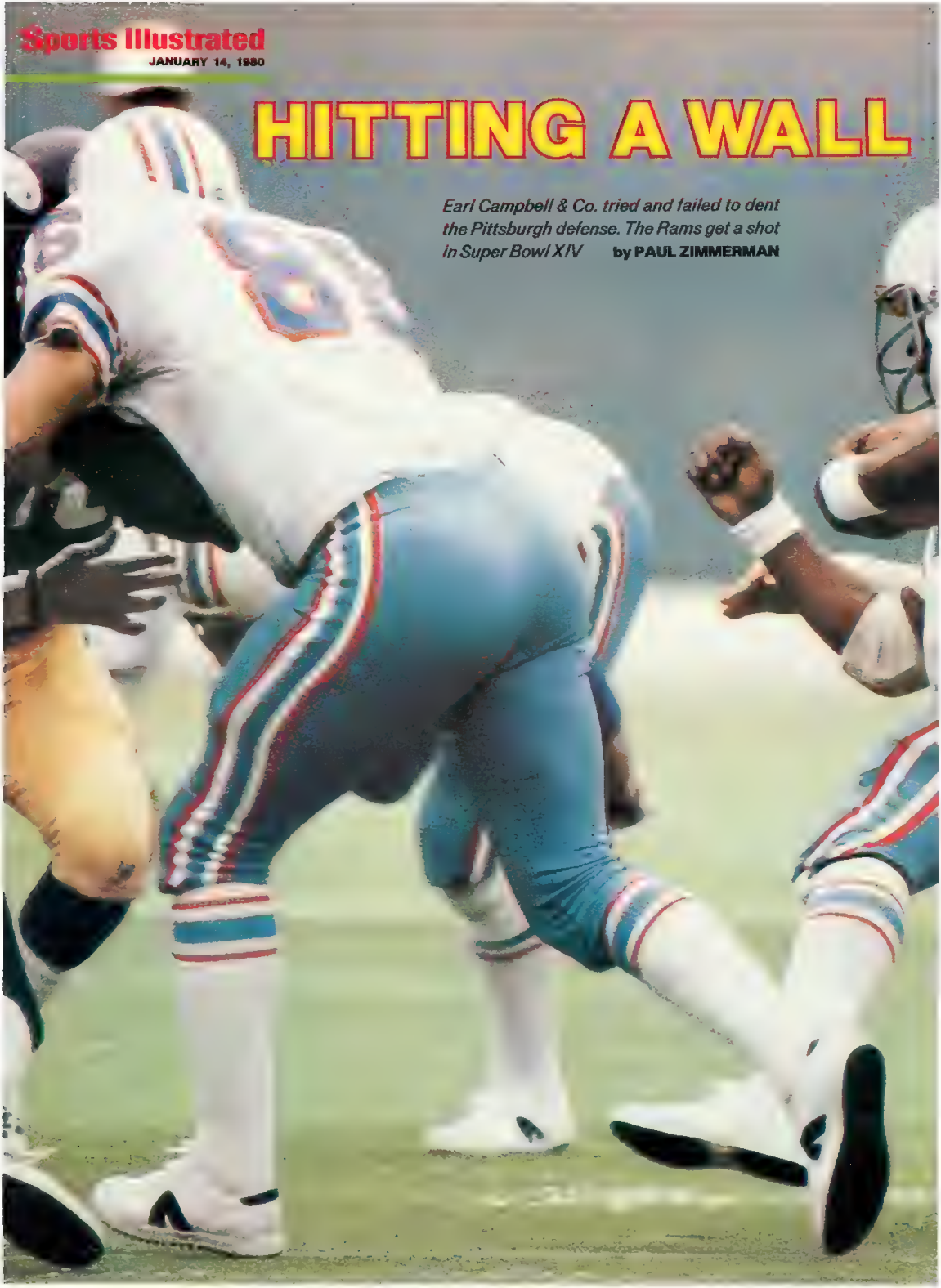
Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 14, 1980

HITTING A WALL

Earl Campbell & Co. tried and failed to dent the Pittsburgh defense. The Rams get a shot in Super Bowl XIV **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



OF STEEL
56

Side Judge Orr watched as Renfro went up over Johnson for the pass . . .

. . . but he gave no signal as Renfro came down with his feet inbounds.

Joe Greene speaks: "I feel like we've been cheated. You saw a great game out there today, but it turned into a 'yes, but' game. That's the sad thing about it. People will be saying, 'Yes, the Pittsburgh Steelers won, but . . .' "

What's this, a losers' dressing room? You played a great game, man. You beat the Houston Oilers 27–13 for the AFC championship, and you held Earl Campbell to 15 yards on 17 carries, and now you're in Super Bowl XIV. Stop sulking. Hey, kid, get that man a Coke!

Eyes downcast, a slow sad smile on his face, Joe Greene peels off his soaking jersey.

"Why are you so sad?"

"I'll get happy later," Greene says. "I don't want to dwell on it, but it's the mood I'm in. I spoke to Pastorini after the game. . . . He wished us well."

"It's that call that's got you down, right?"

Greene nods. "A tough call, a tough, tough call," he says. "I felt bad for Houston. I didn't see the play, but I was hoping it was a correct call. I can't take any satisfaction in that call. You have 22 players out there waiting for a decision to be made, and you don't get it. That's all you need, a decision, but where was it?"

Where indeed? One play cast a shadow on a very professional Steeler victory. As Lynn Swann said, "It's unfortunate when something happens to mar a game like this."

What happened was that an official froze on a play that could have given the Oilers a touchdown and tied the score at 17–17 in the dying moments of the third quarter. After 38½ minutes the Steelers were up 17–10, and Pittsburgh's Craig Colquitt had just gotten off the longest punt of his pro career—66 yards. The Oilers' kick returner, Richard Ellender, torn by indecision, had slapped the ball out of bounds on his own 14, and all those Steeler fans in Three Rivers Stadium waved their Terrible Towels and smiled at each other because they knew what was coming. This is where the Steelers crush the life out of people and put the game away. How many times had they seen it?

But the Oilers are a strange kind of team. You can't chart them. They play with the emotional throttle to the floor, from a high pain threshold. They had gained only 116 yards, total, all day, but now they put together an 80-yard drive and had a first-and-goal at the six.

Quarterback Dan Pastorini smelled a blitz, and he audibled into the 99 play, a two-step pattern. He takes two steps back and lofts the ball to Mike Renfro, the flanker on the right side, who has to run under it. Ron Johnson covers him.

Renfro caught the ball in the far right corner of the end zone, planting his right foot inbounds, dragging his left toe barely inside the stripe. From the ground, Renfro looked to Don Orr, the side judge who was on the play, for a call. Nothing. The deep freeze. Donald Orr, a ninth-year official, is executive vice-president of a Nashville machine company.

"What's the call?" Renfro yelled.

Nothing.

"What the hell is it?" Renfro yelled. Orr very tentatively crossed his hands in front of him one time, the no-touchdown sign. He was looking over to Bill O'Brien, the field judge, for help. Sorry, Don, no help coming. Your call, buddy.

"I was in dismay," Renfro said. "I couldn't believe he wouldn't call the play. I thought maybe the play had been whistled dead, that everybody else had stopped playing and they were just watching me and Ron Johnson out there. It made me sick. It confounded me. I said to the official, 'You're paid pretty good money to make a call. You shouldn't be out here today.' He had that starry-eyed look. He was looking right through me, over to the other official. He said something about wanting help. He said, 'We're gonna have to talk about it.' "

The officials huddled. "Right then I knew we were dead," said Oiler Coach Bum Phillips. "No way we're gonna come out on top in one of those huddle deals. Not in Pittsburgh. In Houston, maybe we'd win it."

"Another officials' huddle," one Oiler said. "Seems like they were huddling all day today. I expected them to break one of those huddles and run a play—Umpire Right or something."

In his box, Steeler owner Art Rooney shook his head. "When in doubt, call a meeting," he said. "Just like the U.N."

Finally a ruling. No touchdown. The receiver did not have possession of the ball. No possession. The cop-out call.

"Hell, I had it all the way," Renfro

said. "I wasn't juggling it. There was no argument on that, none at all."

When in doubt call "no possession." A week earlier a no-possession call had robbed Tampa Bay Tight End Jimmie Giles of a touchdown in the Bucs' win over Philadelphia, the single worst call of the playoffs until . . . Now it cost Houston the tying score.

"Gutless, the call was just gutless," said Houston Assistant General Manager Pat Peppler. "I can figure bad calls, but this was just gutless. The guy just stood around looking for help."

Orr could not be reached for comment. The NFL does not allow its officials to be interviewed by the press en masse. Presidents and popes can face press conferences, but never an NFL official. Instead, a pool reporter, Vito Stellino of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, was dispatched to the officials' room for the official verdict. Jim Tunney, the referee in charge, took him into the washroom off the officials' dressing room and told him the receiver did not have possession. He talked into a tape recorder—for the record.

Tunney was asked whether Renfro had juggled the ball. A juggling ruling would have resulted in a sign from an official—two hands up and down, quick time. Nobody had signaled that, neither Orr nor O'Brien, the only officials in position to see the ball. "The ruling was no possession," Tunney repeated. End of interview. A corporate decision, arrived at by huddle method.

"I couldn't see whether he was inbounds or not," Phillips said. "I couldn't tell whether he juggled the ball or not. That's not important. The big problem is that the officials who work the playoffs have no experience working together as a crew. I've been telling them all year that one complete team should be chosen to work a playoff game, then one guy'll be used to covering for another, and they won't have problems like this. But instead, individual officials are picked, and each one feels, 'Well, if I keep my nose clean and don't make a mistake, then I'm still a good official.' No one helps the other guy.

"It would be like a team making the playoffs, and then when they get there, an all-star team goes out on the field."

Fifty-six different officials worked the eight playoff games the past three weeks. No official worked more than one. An all-star cast will be assembled for the Super Bowl, a team of people with no experience working together. "If you sent complete officiating teams into the playoffs, then some good officials might not make it," says Art McNally, the NFL's Supervisor of Officials. "This system rewards our better officials."

But not the fans. And not the teams on the field. So Houston settled for a field goal on the series—and the short end of a 17–13 score, not a 17–17 tie—and Pittsburgh came back to score 10 points on its two fourth-quarter possessions to wrap up the game.

"You have to ask the rhetorical question," Swann said, "just like in the last Super Bowl when we got the benefit of an official's call against Dallas. Wouldn't we have come back and played well enough to score again and win it? I think we would have."

Well, maybe, but a 17–17 score might have changed the complexion of the game. There was no reason for Houston still to have been in the hunt after three quarters. The Oilers' big weapon, Campbell, had been totally nullified. At the half his total output was two yards, and his 11 carries represented the entire Oiler rushing attack. He said the groin pull that had kept him out of the previous week's game at San Diego didn't bother him against Pittsburgh. "I never felt faster," he said. "The traction was good—the ground crew did a good job getting the field in shape. The problem was the Steelers. They never let me get started."

The Steeler linemen shot the gaps and committed themselves to Campbell early, and the Steeler linebackers came across quickly and cut off his escape routes. No one will ever know for sure whether or not Campbell's groin pull was bothering him, because he had Steelers in his face before he could get the motor revved up. Pittsburgh figured if anyone was going to beat them, it would have to be Pastorini, who also had missed the San Diego game because of a groin pull.

Pastorini kept things lively. A pulled muscle deprived him of his best long-ball threat, Ken Burrough, late in the first quarter. "I stayed in for a few plays and

continued

The officials huddled to talk over the catch before Referee Tunney signaled an incomplete pass. He later said Renfro never had possession

tried to be a decoy," Burrough said, "but you don't fool the Steelers like that." So Pastorini worked the ball to his backs and to Renfro, and he hung in the pocket and took some ferocious shots.

The Oilers were outmanned in every phase of the game. Punting. Punt returns—Ellender had been ruled a "definite out" with a chipped hipbone, but somehow he managed to play, though he shouldn't have. The Oilers had no running attack, a sore quarterback, no Ken Burrough. But it was still a four-point game in the fourth quarter.

It was a courageous performance by Houston—the whole Oiler operation is built on courage—but in the end it was the professionalism of the Steelers that won it. They shrugged off a 75-yard interception return TD by Houston Safety Vernon Perry, who had cut in front of Tight End Bennie Cunningham on a curl pattern, on their first series. They never lost their poise, and in the fourth quarter they made those two scoring drives.

The Steeler game plan was to throw on the first down off play-action stuff and run the ball in passing situations when the Oilers lifted two of their four linebackers. Terry Bradshaw picked up 78 of his 219 yards passing on first downs, including a 20-yard touchdown to John Stallworth that put the Steelers ahead 17–10. The play that set up the Stallworth TD was a 12-yard run by Franco Harris on third-and-five.

The Steelers kept the Oilers' defense on the field too long; when the score was 7–3 for Houston, the Steelers had run off 20 plays to the Oilers' three. At halftime the margin was 43–20. But the Oilers never cracked. They made Pittsburgh come up with big plays to win it—a 21-yard pass to Swann on third-and-21 in the fourth quarter, a 20-yard diving catch by Bleier on third-and-two on the next series.

Afterward, in the Pittsburgh trainer's room, Steve Courson, the massive right guard, sat on a table and got a sore ankle taped as he listened to the Rams-Bucs game on the radio.

"Referee Pat Haggerty's going to have a huddle," Jack Buck was announcing. "What's this all about? Ray Malavasi's going whacky on the sideline. He is whacky-doo!"

"Another huddle," Courson said, shaking his head. "I thought we saw enough of 'em today."

The best huddles may be yet to come.

A GAME OF RESISTIBLE FORCES

by Joe Marshall

Back in the old days, before Pete Rozelle invented wild-card teams and other gimmicks for stretching the season, the NFL had something known as the Runner-Up Bowl. It was played in Florida and was, in the immortal words of Vince Lombardi, "a game for losers played by losers." Last Sunday in Tampa the NFL resurrected that game. This time, though, it was called the NFC championship.

In the wake of Los Angeles' 9–0 win over Tampa Bay, it was difficult to figure who the biggest loser really was. Was it the orange-clad Buccaneers, who finally turned into pumpkins after a Cinderella season? Was it the Rams, who after six straight years of choking in the playoffs finally made it to the Super Bowl and, for their reward, get a date with the Pittsburgh Steelers and a likely humiliation right in their own backyard? Or was it Pete Rozelle, who has to promote this mismatch for two weeks? Can't you just hear Rozelle now: "Come on, you Steelers, keep a straight face. This is the Super Bowl, remember."

The game in Tampa was everything one would expect from a matchup between two solid defenses and two NFC offenses. Boring. It was the first championship game ever played in which not a single touchdown was scored, and the teams tied a record for punts (13), which figured. Actually, Buc Quarterback Mike Rae did complete a touchdown pass to Tight End Jimmie Giles in the waning minutes, but Guard Greg Roberts was so excited by the prospect of a score that he stood up before the snap of the ball to get a better view. Up in Pittsburgh Jack Lambert, Mean Joe Greene and friends must have had a good laugh as they watched the two inoffensive offenses. If Rozelle is interested in curbing television violence, he should consider asking the Ram offense to be among the no-shows in Pasadena on January 20.

Come to think of it, getting sheared in the Super Bowl would be an entirely fitting conclusion to this Ram season. It wasn't too many weeks ago that Los Angeles had a 5–6 record and everyone was assuming that owner Georgia Rosenbloom would can Coach Ray Malavasi as soon as the season was over, if not before. On any other club Malavasi would now have earned some job security, but as one Ram cautioned last weekend, "Around here that remains to be seen." Oh, well, should Malavasi get the ax in L.A., there will always be an opening somewhere in the NFL for a coach who got his team into the Super Bowl. Even if it was just an NFC team.

It was hard to understand why the

Rams were slim favorites to beat the Bucs. After all, they finished the season just two games over .500 (9–7), had been drubbed 21–6 by the Buccaneers in September and were playing on the road. What's more, Malavasi was still without the services of his starting quarterback, Pat Haden, who broke the pinky on his passing hand two months ago.

Haden's replacement, Vince Ferragamo, had thrown three TD passes in the Rams' upset playoff win over Dallas the week before, but he gives the Ram coaching staff sleepless nights. Ferragamo made the All-Academic team in the Big Eight while at Nebraska and has spent his off-seasons attending medical school at the University of California at Irvine, but as one Ram put it, "When you talk to Vince, you're not always sure he's all there. He's what we call a space cadet."

In a goal-line situation in a late-season game with the 49ers, Ferragamo came to the sideline to confer with Malavasi, who told him what play to call. "You got it," said Ferragamo dutifully. Then he ran back to the huddle and called a totally different play.

Despite Malavasi's problems, the team he brought to Tampa last week was better than the one he had fielded there in the fourth week of the season. The Rams' offensive line that day was badly banged up; this time, though, it was healthy and was, in Ferragamo's words, "our ace in the hole." Ferragamo talks about football in non-stop, non-committal clichés—as another Ram says, "Vince is tremendously dull"—but he did step out of character briefly to announce, "Our offensive line should blow the Bucs out. I'll probably have five or six seconds every time I pass."

As improbable as that prediction sounded, it was borne out. The Ram of-

continued

The massive Bryant (32), here taking a pitch from Ferragamo, trundled for a game-high 106 yards as the Rams' linemen totally dominated Tampa Bay up front

fensive line—Doug France, Kent Hill, Rich Saul, Dennis Harrah and Jackie Slater, from left tackle to right—dominated the Bucs as easily as it had dominated the Cowboys. After the game Ferragamo said, "You get more confidence when you drop back and have *10* seconds to throw the football." With that protection, he completed 12 of 23 passes for 163 yards. More important, the Ram runners picked up 216 yards. And before the day was done, both Buc defensive ends—Lee Roy Selmon and Wally Chambers—had been sidelined by the battering they took from the Ram offensive line.

That line was so overpowering that Los Angeles should have put the game out of reach early—or at least scored one touchdown. But the Ram offense kept rearing up to stop the Ram offense. Wendell Tyler fumbled for no apparent reason at the Buc 18 on L.A.'s second possession. Near the end of the first quarter Cullen Bryant ran four yards for a touchdown, but the score was wiped out by a penalty. And in the third quarter Preston Dennard caught a touchdown pass from Ferragamo but then lost control of the ball as he landed on his backside. Or at least that's what Back Judge Pat Knight ruled. So the Rams had to settle for three Frank Corral field goals, 19- and 21-yarders in the second quarter and a 23-yarder in the fourth.

For the most part, the Ram offense against the Bucs consisted of Tyler right, Tyler left and Tyler up the middle. In the previous L.A.–Tampa game, Tyler sat on the bench most of the time. When he finally got in for a few plays, he did what he had done all too often in three seasons in L.A.—he fumbled twice in seven carries.

Still, that Buccaneer game persuaded Malavasi to make Tyler a starter. Until then, he had played second string to Lawrence McCutcheon, and most people figured that was where he belonged. After all, in 1977, Tyler's rookie year, McCutcheon set a single-season Ram rushing record and became L.A.'s all-time leading ground gainer. Last year Tyler missed almost the whole season after injuring a knee in the second game of the season. Understandably, the 205-pound McCutcheon was the starter again this year, teaming with the 234-pound Bryant to form a bull elephant backfield. Both are strong inside runners who block well and rarely fumble.

Against the Bucs in September, the Rams were unable to move the ball inside. Knowing that the Rams lacked the speed to get outside, Selmon and Chambers pinched toward the middle on running downs and clogged up the Rams' running lanes. On passing downs the Buc linebackers dropped deep, forcing the Rams to drop the ball off to backs underneath the coverage. Here again, L.A.'s lack of a breakaway threat was glaringly evident. Time and again the Ram receiver on these short passes was easily brought down in a one-on-one situation by a Buc linebacker. The Ram backs couldn't have juked their way past a telephone pole. The following week Malavasi made Tyler a starter.

Eddie Brown snuffed out the Bucs' final flicker in batting away Rae's pass to Giles at the goal line.

The switch to Tyler paid big dividends. Although he didn't start until the fifth week of the season, Tyler finished the year as the leading L.A. rusher with 1,109 yards and was the Rams' second leading receiver with 32 catches. He also confirmed his breakaway ability by topping the NFL in yards-per-carry at 5.1.

The Bucs conceded that Tyler made the Rams a different team. "Tyler puts a whole new dimension in their offense because he can run outside," said Nose Guard Randy Crowder before Sunday's game. "We have to play the Rams straight up now instead of cheating to the inside. To beat Los Angeles, first and foremost you have to stop Tyler."

It was obvious the Bucs were concentrating on Tyler. They swarmed toward him whenever he had the ball, and he had to break a lot of tackles to gain 86 yards on 28 carries. The Bucs also swarmed toward him when he didn't have the ball, which is why Bryant picked up 106 yards on just 18 carries. All game long Tyler and Bryant played keep-away from the Buc offense.

Of course, the way that offense was playing, nine points might have held up until Labor Day. Look at the game this way: if the Bucs had been awarded a point for every first down they made, Tampa Bay would have lost 9–7. The Rams have a superb defense, perhaps even a Super Bowl defense, but no defense is as good as Tampa Bay made L.A.'s look. The Bucs didn't even cross midfield until the third quarter, and they needed a gimmick play to do it—a halfback option pass from Jerry Eckwood to Larry Mucker.

For a while it even looked as if Buc Quarterback Doug Williams might go 0 for 1980. He didn't complete his first pass until late in the second quarter and was two for 13—for a grand total of 12 yards—when he was sidelined in the third quarter with a torn right bicep muscle. His replacement, Rae, wasn't any better, also completing just two of 13. Watching them, you would have thought the completed pass was an endangered species.

Come on now, you Steelers. Stop snickering. **END**

Corral's three field goals were all the scoring in the first NFL playoff game without any touchdowns.

AND THE BROAD STREET STREAKERS SKATE ON

Philadelphia's astounding Flyers outsocked the Rangers and then outscored the Sabres, extending their record unbeaten streak to 35 games **by E. M. SWIFT**

When the Philadelphia Flyers lost their first and only hockey game of this season, back on Oct. 14, 1979, Teddy led Jimmy big in the polls, there were no hostages, gold was at $395 an ounce and the Orioles led the Pirates two games to one in the World Series. Ancient history.

Last Sunday night in Buffalo, the incredible Flyers extended their record unbeaten streak to 35 games by whipping the Sabres 4–2 on third-period goals by

Rick MacLeish scored the Flyers' first goal when his angled shot flew past diving New York Goaltender Steve Baker as Carol Vadnais watched helplessly.

Bill Barber and Rick MacLeish. It was the third time that the Sabres, whose point total in the NHL standings (55 in 40 games) is surpassed only by Philadelphia's (62 in 37 games), failed to snap the Flyers' streak, leaving the Buffalonians with what must be a very large inferiority complex. Said MacLeish, "No one thinks this streak's going to go on forever, but it gives us a little extra fuel for each game, that's for sure."

Perhaps the nicest thing about the Flyers' streak is that it has come at a time in the NHL schedule when the rest of the teams seem to be caught in precarious balance between ennui and turmoil. With divisional rivalries gone as a result of the balanced schedule and playoff berths assured for 16 of the 21 teams, motivation among other top clubs has been at an alltime low. The once-proud Montreal Canadiens have fallen into the infighting, backbiting ways of their NHL brethren and now trail, among others, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles in the overall standings. Over in Toronto, owner Harold Ballard, 76, and General Manager Punch Imlach, 61, have reinvented the Generation Gap with their When-In-Doubt-SHOUT! philosophy, and the only player who understands them is 41-year-old Defenseman Carl Brewer, who two weeks ago ended a six-year retire-

continued

ment—a move that earned Imlach the nickname "Punchy."

The turmoil came in familiar form—violence. The twist is that it is now going on in the stands as well as on the ice. To date New York's Madison Square Garden has had the ugliest scenes. For example, the recent night when a fan's postgame sucker punch of the Bruins' Stan Jonathan sent several teammates clambering into the stands in retaliation.

But rising above all the ugliness are the Philadelphia Flyers. They have been on a one-team campaign to save the sagging image of the league, and it is an act the fans are buying. Two weeks ago, in the 32nd and 33rd games of the streak, the Flyers drew record crowds in Winnipeg and Colorado. Says Flyer Coach Pat Quinn, "Each team has been hoping like hell we'll get by the previous one so that they can be the club to beat us, and we've brought out the best in all of them."

The only team that has not had at least one crack at the Flyers is lowly Washington—and the Caps have the worst record in the NHL. Most of the top teams have faced Philadelphia twice since this whole thing began on Oct. 15, when the Flyers were 1–1 and rebounding from a 9–2 drubbing by Atlanta. Since then the Flyers have streaked for 12 weeks, in 15 different cities, and have come from behind in 13 of the 35 games. In Game 8 they scored four goals in the third period to beat Montreal at the Forum for the first time since Nov. 2, 1974. In Game 19, Minnesota, which has the third-best record in the league, scored on three of its first five shots, but the Flyers answered with three goals in the third period to win 6–4. In Game 22 they trailed Boston 2–0 but came back to tie 2–2, and two nights later Los Angeles led 3–0 before the Flyers scored nine straight goals to win 9–4. Then in Game 25, against the Quebec Nordiques, the best of the expansion teams, the Flyers were down 3–1 with nine minutes left but rallied for five goals and a 6–4 win. In Game 26 they came from behind yet again, scoring twice in the third period to beat Coach

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The officials had their hands full with hothead Hospodar. The Ranger also precipitated a rinkside melee and gave Ken Linseman a broken nose.

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Scotty Bowman's Sabres 3–2, ending Buffalo's own nine-game winning streak.

It was Bowman's 1977-78 Montreal club that held the old record of 28 games without a loss, a mark that was considered untouchable, given these days of fatiguing air travel and home-ice advantages. The Flyers tied the mark with back-to-back 1–1 ties against the Rangers and Pittsburgh in Games 27 and 28—hair-raising affairs in which the normally wide-open Philadelphia attack stalled beneath the weight of the record—but to break it they had to play Game 29 in the Boston Garden, whose tight corners and small ice surface are tailored to the mucking, close-checking style of the Bruins. That was once the Flyers' style as well, but under Quinn they freewheel more in the manner of Montreal—the old Canadiens, that is. Playing their best game of the entire streak, the Flyers snowed Boston under and won 5–2.

Montreal's mark tucked safely away, the Flyers kept going, and last Friday night in New York they surpassed the 33-game undefeated string put together by the 1971-72 Los Angeles Lakers, the record for all U.S. professional sport. That was a team led by Jerry West, Wilt Chamberlain and Gail Goodrich. The comparison runs a little thin because the Lakers *won* all their games, while the Flyers' streak includes 10 ties. Still, why blame the Flyers because they play in a league with a 1941 mentality—there are still no sudden-death overtimes in the NHL, even though there are no trains to meet and no war to be won.

The Flyers raced out to a 5–0 lead in Madison Square Garden, then survived a minor comeback by the Rangers and a major aerial candy BBs-and-golf ball attack by bleacher creatures straight out of Hieronymus Bosch to win 5–3, extending the streak to 34 games. In one sick scene the Bosch-ians, several hundred in number, hooted at and threatened three injured Flyers, who were seated in the open press box, until security guards arrived to escort the players to safety.

The crowd was stimulated by a Ranger bruiser named Ed Hospodar—his nickname is Boxcar—who within a period and a half broke the nose of one Flyer, sprained the neck of another, fought a third, shoved a linesman, received a double game misconduct and, on exiting, went after Philadelphia's equipment manager. Said Quinn afterward, "We've tried to change our game a little bit, but a lot of teams seem to remember the tough games from the past and want to pay back a debt or two. But if other teams want to play vigilante hockey, we've got the toughest team in the league."

Much has been written about the Flyers' new image, the death of the Broad Street Bullies, but the fact remains that the Flyers are once again the most penalized team in the league, averaging over 20 minutes per game; the most penalized team in history, the 1975-76 Flyers, averaged only 24.75. "The old Flyers used to get called for spearing and slashing, but now they call us for hooking," says Quinn.

One of the reasons Quinn can't believe the hooking penalties is that the Flyers seem to have the puck all the time. The old Flyers won by throwing the puck in, working like crazy to dig it back out and then hustling back into their defensive lanes so Bernie Parent could post goals-against averages like 1.89 and 2.03, which he did the two years—1974 and 1975—Philadelphia won the Stanley Cup. These new Flyers have been giving up nearly three goals a game and have yet to score a shutout. That isn't *bad* defense, but it certainly isn't the spine of a record-breaking winning streak. The Flyers win by controlling the puck.

That's a concept the Canadiens and the Soviets have hammered home: if you control the puck 70% of the time, you will win *at least* that often. The old dump-and-grind style was based on giving up the puck and harassing the other team into giving it back, but both Montreal and the Soviets showed that with mobile, smart defensemen, the dump-it-in system could be beaten. Says Quinn, "Our management saw this, and we started drafting faster, quicker players who could move around. Once we had them, it would have been pretty stupid to stick with a static style of play. Now we believe that with our speed and our mobile defensemen, we shouldn't have to throw the puck in very often."

Instead, the Flyers skate in crossing patterns, five men on offense, five men on defense, always moving. "People can talk about systems all they want," says the Bruins' Peter McNab, "but nobody's willing to admit what hard work will do. Do you know how hard it is to keep skating in that rotating system?"

No one on the Flyers seems to notice. "They're playing like there are no stars on that team," Ranger Assistant Coach Mike Nykoluk said after Game 34. And Buffalo Assistant Coach Roger Neilson said, "Quinn's making everyone feel part of it, using a lot of different guys on the power play, three different penalty-killing units, giving Reggie Leach more defensive responsibility by having him kill penalties. Their big edge right now is they're playing as a team better than anybody else in the league."

Indeed, Leach, who scored 61 goals four seasons ago but has not had that many *points* in a season since, is the Flyers' leading scorer with 25 goals and 16 assists, but that doesn't put him in the top *15* in the NHL. Close behind him is Left Wing Brian Propp, who leads all rookie scorers with 40 points, and is the single most important addition the Flyers made over the summer. "After last year's playoff flop, we knew we needed a goaltender and a left wing," says Quinn. The goaltending, left in chaos when Parent had to retire as the result of an eye injury he suffered last season, was shored up when the Flyers acquired veteran Phil Myre from St. Louis and promoted 22-year-old Pete Peeters from their Maine farm club. Then they drafted Propp, a short, stocky speedster who scored 94 goals for the Brandon (Manitoba) Wheat Kings last season.

Centering for Leach and Propp is Bobby Clarke, the Flyers' assistant coach. He is one of the seven Flyers who are holdovers from the two Stanley Cup teams. There are also five Flyers from what Quinn calls "the lean years"—1975-77—and eight others who learned something about winning while playing for the Flyers' farm team in Maine, which has won the AHL championship the last two years. Philadelphia also has an underdog mentality on its side. No one can really believe the Flyers are for real. As one NHL coach said last week, "We'll see what happens after they lose a couple of games in a row."

If they lose a couple of games in a row. Says spiritual leader Clarke, "We had the same type of feeling when we won our first Cup. People thought we were good, but nobody really believed we were good enough to win the Cup. It's the same with this team. Even with the record we have, a lot of teams don't really think we have that good a club."

You see? Stop being a bully and, first thing, you don't get no respect. **END**

A BEAUTIFUL ROSE, EVEN FOR 'BAMA

USC's one-point victory over Ohio State in Pasadena provided all the excitement anyone could ask for, and it gave the Crimson Tide something more—its first undisputed national championship since 1964 **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

First voice: "Tight right, Ray. Iso weak. It's going to be second, no, third-and-seven at the hashmark. Charles [White] is back in the game. We need a spread set. It's a ripper... that's right. Nickel thunder. Left formation. They're making a shift to spread.... Draw. He got 'em."

Second voice: "The Tiger is going inside the tackle."

Third voice: "They're giving us a total new look. We need help."

Should that make little sense to you, welcome to Mission Control of this year's Rose Bowl, the press-box booth of the Ohio State assistant coaches. For it was exactly this kind of technical jargon pouring forth from that perch high above the playing field—where formations, blocking assignments and defensive adjustments can be seen, as opposed to down on the sideline, where the principal view is of randomly colliding bodies—that was in turn translated by the players into one of the most exciting college football games in memory.

Ultimately, Southern California, a.k.a. The University of Charles White, prevailed 17–16 over the AP's No. 1-ranked Ohio State, a.k.a. Arthur Schlichter U. It was a score that would not earn the Trojans the national championship, or even a piece of it, but it was indicative of the closeness and quality of play in the season's best bowl matchup. What shone through so clearly on a gorgeous 74° New Year's Day in Pasadena was a bunch of college guys having a helluva time playing a game that was always supposed to be fun. The Arizona State and New Mexico troubles make us think of sleaze; this football game made everyone who witnessed it think of the joy of college days, that exuberant way station between youth and adulthood. The day before the game the Trojan band marched onto the football practice field playing *Fight On*, coeds danced with the players, old grad O. J. Simpson dropped by for a few words of inspiration. Everyone went nuts. Everyone had fun.

And when the game had ended, winning Coach John Robinson struck the perfect note, saying, "It seems to me that before anybody starts to overanalyze what happened, we all ought to sit down and say that was one of the great football games. Sure, there were mistakes, the coaches made mistakes, but, dammit, it was a *great* football game."

Indeed, seldom do two coaches get to employ their favorite words so often during one game. Robinson's is "wow"; Ohio State's Earle Bruce leans toward "golly." And rarely do the nation's two best football teams get so much time to study each other and lay their plans. It had been six weeks since the undefeated Buckeyes beat Michigan 18–15 in their regular-season finale, five weeks since USC defeated UCLA 49–14 in its season ender. Now it was time to put all the game films and printouts away and play ball.

Second quarter, Ohio State Defensive Backfield Coach Pete Carroll on the horn to the field: "Iso! [White following the fullback who's trying to isolate and block a linebacker].... In Tiger they're doubling the noseguard. The ball cuts behind the double team: that's all it is. It's simple.... The tackle can't make the play, that's all."

OSU Outside Linebacker Coach Bob Tucker on another line: "Why should we be in tighter with two tight [USC's two-tight-end formation]. We gotta be in State [an OSU defense]. With two tights, why should we be in Tiger [a defensive adjustment] if your tackle can't get White?"

Carroll: "Let's go to State next time, O.K.? The Tiger's not helping us though because...."

Tucker: "They're running it inside too much."

At USC the coaches were engulfed before the game in hundreds of pages of computer printouts that detailed everything the Buckeyes had done in nine 1979 games. The computer knew that Ohio State's favorite play was 28 Pitch—the same play, called just plain 20, on which USC feels it has the copyright, its having been the Trojans' mainstay since long before O.J. began running for daylight in airport terminals. The Buckeyes had run it 29 times. More revealing, the computer discovered, on 13 occasions it was called with four yards or more to go, and that on those occasions it made a first down 44.8% of the time.

OSU Guard and Center Coach Glen Mason (shouting): "Why don't they stay on the phones when we're talking to 'em?"

Inside Linebacker Coach John Marshall of USC had pondered these facts: on third-down-and-three plays, Ohio State made a first down 55% of the time; on third-and-four, 38%. But on third-and-five, the Buckeyes succeeded 88% of the time. Said Marshall, "So I ask myself, 'What does it mean?' "

Good question, coach. What does it mean?

"I don't know."

Yet the sheets were loaded with hints and clues. "Great teams tend to have great tendencies," says Marshall, "which is why they tend to be successful." Example: on second-and-seven-to-nine situations, Ohio State had passed 20 times, but only once to the split end. Consequently, in practice USC didn't double-cover the split end. Example: the Buckeyes ran only two reverses in the nine games, one for five yards, one for two. Ergo, USC didn't waste time on defensing the reverse, although Marshall admitted, "They may snooker us good." They didn't. Example: when the ball was on the left hashmark, the Bucks ran to the short side of the field 69 times, to the wide field 66. They passed to the near sideline 11 times and went to the far part

continued

White's Fosbury Flop from the one worked, but Dennis Johnson stopped Schlichter at the one.

Ohio State spent 15 minutes of halftime adjusting blocking assignments to cope with a USC defense in which a tackle angled in on the tight end.

of the field 16 times. "That means," says Marshall, "that they have power and are not afraid to go to the short side and stick it down your throat."

What haunted the USC coaches was trying to figure what Ohio State would do different. USC's pages of data told the Buckeye story up to the final chapter. The fear was that the authors might spring a surprise ending. Still, as one Trojan coach said, "If they do just what they have been, we'll win."

What happened was that Ohio State generally did what it had been doing, just a lot better. The Buckeyes' intensity was startling. Good thing, too, because USC probably was superior at 20 of the 22 starting positions, with only Guard Ken Fritz and Outside Linebacker Jimmy Laughlin having a clear edge over their Trojan counterparts. Ohio State had spent the season proving itself. USC, on the other hand, was a team of veteran stars, including an offensive line (Guards Roy Foster and Brad Budde, Tackle Keith Van Horne, Center Chris Foote and—back from a knee injury that had kept him out of all but one game this season—6′ 7″, 280-pound Tackle Anthony Munoz) of such splendid caliber that its equal will not soon be assembled anywhere. And, as their coach, Hudson Houck, said, "Our temperament is a little nastier than most."

The game was further hyped by the imponderables. Was Heisman winner White really sick with the flu? (Yes, very, which, of course, makes his 247 yards on 39 carries, both Rose Bowl records, all the more impressive.) Would Robin-

A GOOD THING CAME TO THOSE WHO WAITED

by MIKE DeINAGRO

Shortly after Steadman Shealy had quarterbacked Alabama to its 24–9 Sugar Bowl victory over Arkansas, he lay sprawled across a bed in Room 2453 of the Hyatt Regency in New Orleans watching Ohio State and USC in the Rose Bowl. Crowded around him were his mother, father, girl friend, sister and brother-in-law. As best they could figure it, they were rooting for USC to win, but just barely. Mainly, the room was quiet. But late in the game, when USC's Charles White dived over the goal line to tie the game 16–16, Shealy suddenly leapt to his feet. "Whoeeee!" he shouted. "Now, miss the extra point! No, wait! I don't know! Is that good? Or bad?"

Normally Shealy is not one to be confused. An education major, he ranks in the top 1% of his class. To date he has won two postgraduate scholarships, election to Kappa Delta Pi (an education honorary society) and induction into Omicron Delta Kappa (leadership). He is an outspokenly devout young man who holds office in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. No, Shealy isn't lacking at all in self-assurance. But in his two previous seasons at Alabama the Tide had scored big Sugar Bowl wins and a shot at the national championship. In 1978 AP's poll of sportswriters and UPI's poll of college coaches had dashed Shealy's hopes. A year ago, when 'Bama upset Penn State, which was ranked No. 1 going in, it got the AP's No. 1 spot but not UPI's. Now another national title was up to the voters, and two of the three finalists were in the Rose Bowl. "Who knows what those people are thinking," said Shealy.

At the moment they had to be thinking Alabama. Before a record Sugar Bowl throng of 77,486 in the Superdome, Alabama had gripped a young but highly talented, sixth-ranked Arkansas team by the lapels and never let go. In the first half Arkansas faced six third downs, and on each occasion 'Bama's defense, tops nationally, dug in its cleats and emphatically said no. On those six critical plays the Hogs' net gain was zero. At halftime the Tide led 17–3. By then, too, 'Bama's Major Ogilvie had blasted for two touchdowns, carried a punt return 50 yards and nailed down the MVP award. Which was a bit of a shame because, if there was a back as explosive as USC's White playing on New Year's Day, it was Ogilvie's running mate, Billy Jackson. All Jackson did was zip away from the Razorbacks on breathtaking runs of 35, 15, 14, 11 and 11 yards and finish up with 120 yards on a mere 13 carries.

But what truly crushed Arkansas was the performance of Don McNeal, Byron Braggs, E. J. Junior and the rest of Alabama's splendid defense, which had given up an average of just five points per game in 1979. Although the Razorbacks' Kevin Scanlon did complete 22 of 39 passes, he said later that he was left on his feet after only two of those throws. Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz summed the day up best when he said, "Alabama's offense is fourth best in the nation, and it's the team's major weakness."

For one brief moment in the second half it looked as if there might be a ball game. Arkansas had just marched 80 yards for a touchdown, cutting Alabama's lead to 17–9. Then, with 13 minutes to play, the Hogs downed a perfect Bruce Lahay punt on the Alabama two. But Shealy handed off to Steve Whitman for six yards and then pitched to Ogilvie for seven and a first down. On the next play Shealy was deep in the grasp of two Hog defenders, but he managed to make a last-second pitch to Jackson, who turned the right side and continued on for 35 yards to the 50. Five plays later 'Bama was on the Arkansas 12, third-and-11. Expecting either a pass or a sweep, Arkansas chose to blitz, shooting its linebackers to the outside. Shealy took the snap and handed to Whitman, who sprung

USC's famed 28 Pitch ("Student Body Right"): three linemen pull and three block ahead. White (12) goes wherever he sees the hole developing.

son leave the Trojans for a pro coaching job? (No, he signed a five-year contract the day before the game and said he was glad for the steady work.) Did the Buckeyes have the moral fiber to withstand the distractions of Tinseltown? (Yes, for sure.)

While Ohio State's strategy would involve probing the USC team for real or imagined weaknesses, the Trojans were almost complacent. Explained Houck, "Our game plan is to run right at them." Actually, the much-revered "game plan" is often not all that big a deal. For example, USC's was contained on a single page and simply listed the normal game situations and the plays the Trojan brain trust would like to see run. There were similar lists for bombs, short passes, two-minute offense, 25 yards in, 10 yards in and so forth. In comparison with the pages of computer printouts, it was a singularly unimposing document. But Trojan Quarterback Coach Paul Hackett said the only thing that had generally changed much in USC's game plan over the season was the deployment on long pass plays.

Not so on New Year's Day. Ohio State was effective in pushing USC out of its game plan and forced the Trojans to pass earlier in the game than they had anticipated. Watching Schlichter in action, Robinson thought to himself, "Now, he's going to get 21 points on us. We can't afford not to wheel and deal because we're not going to control him."

In the press box were four OSU coaches, hooked in to the other four coaches and an occasional player on the field by five phone lines; USC had a similar setup. It's the role of the people upstairs to

continued

straight up the middle and outran his pursuers to the goal line. From then on, Alabama players were anxious only about getting to a TV set.

Afterward, Holtz allowed that all season long he had voted Alabama No. 1 on his UPI ballot and that, regardless of what might happen in the Rose Bowl, he would do so again. "Little did I realize," he said, "that the best team in the country would play an almost perfect game."

In the Alabama locker room, players cut loose with predictable chants of "We're No. 1." But compared to last year's wild Sugar Bowl celebration, the mood was almost somber. "That's because last year everybody played some and today the regulars played just about every down," said E. J. Junior. "We're too whipped to party." Even Bear Bryant looked tired. The victory was his 296th, bringing him to within 19 of Amos Alonzo Stagg's alltime record. And a wire-service national title would be his sixth, two more than for any other coach. Still, he was anything but effusive. "I don't want to talk about polls," he said. "I just want to vote." Somebody asked him if, rather than vote, wouldn't he like to *play* the Rose Bowl winner for the national championship?

"Hell, no," Bryant said. "I want to head home and go fishing."

Back at the Hyatt, Shealy pondered the same question. After a pause he said, "I know I'd sure be anxious to play if the voters make us No. 2."

As Shealy and his family took in the closing seconds of the Rose Bowl on TV, a final crisis for 'Bama suddenly arose. Leading 17–16 with 1:11 to go, USC stopped Ohio State on the Buckeye 20 and took possession in position to score once more. Another touchdown would mean an eight-point victory, which just might swing some AP and UPI votes. All of a sudden, Shealy's mother Peggy yelled, "Stop 'em Ohio!"—it was an outburst that stunned everyone present. "Isn't this crazy!" she cried. "I've never changed sides so fast in my life! Do I need this?"

But the clock ran out with USC on the four. "Perfect!" Peggy screamed. Seconds later the phone rang and a caller blurted out, "'Bama's No. 1 and Charlie White's No. 2." Steadman Shealy laughed. Two days earlier he had told a circle of reporters, "If it pleases God for us to be No. 1, that's great. But if the Lord has a better plan for us, we'll just pick up the pieces and go home." But now he craved it. "We'll see," he said.

With classes out at Tuscaloosa and no urge to linger in New Orleans for a last round of parties, Shealy elected "to spend time with my girl friend and the Lord." They drove to his grandmother's house in Madison, Miss. There, the next night, Shealy got the good word: Alabama No. 1 in both polls, with USC second, Orange Bowl victor Oklahoma third and Ohio State fourth. "It's joyous," he said. "Praise the Lord!" And Ogilvie and Jackson and a defense that impressed even the pollsters.

With Arkansas blitzing, Whitman rumbles for 'Bama's third TD.

get the down and distance correct, to spot openings, to note defensive adjustments, to make suggestions, to detect changes in the opponent's usual way of doing things, to scream, bang fists, cheerlead, knock over coffee and curse. Theirs is a fragmented and anguished three hours, for they see things coming before the players do but too late to do anything about them. The final decisions on plays and defenses are made down on the field. But despite the emotion up above, Trojan Offensive Backs Coach John Jackson says, "We strive to be businesslike."

First quarter, Tucker: "You watch the tight ends and tackles. Try to concentrate on what they're doing and. . . ."

Carroll: "What was the Arkansas score?"

The Buckeyes got an early break when the Trojans couldn't punch it over with 10:53 to play in the first quarter. At fourth-and-one on the Ohio State five, Robinson called for Pass 22 Gut—a Quarterback Paul McDonald pass to Tight End Vic Rakhshani—an old reliable that had worked 12 out of 12 times over the past two years. It failed. Later in the first quarter, with USC ahead 3–0 on a 41-yard field goal by Eric Hipp, Schlichter served notice of his impending extraordinary performance (289 yards passing) on a third-and-five at his own 45-yard line.

Tucker: "Looks like Art is audibling."

Carroll: "Yeah, hey, Williams is deep. All right!"

Which it was, the ball settling into the soft hands of Split End Gary Williams at the 19, who then ran it to the Trojan two.

OSU's Mason: "Let's get it in there. Way to go, Bucks."

Carroll: "Get it in there."

Mason: "Ram it in there."

In the USC observer post, the reaction to the Schlichter throw was decidedly different.

Marshall: "My God, he's open! We missed a tackle."

Outside Linebackers Coach Artie Gigantino: "We missed a tackle."

But upstairs there never is time to dwell on the past. Gigantino immediately called down to the field, recommending a defense keyed to stop a fullback fake on a quarterback keeper. That's what the Buckeyes ran—just as the computer had said they would in this situation—with Schlichter keeping and getting the ball to the one. On second-and-goal at the one, the Trojans employed their 62 Shoot defense, the linebackers coming hard. It was the perfect call to crumple Buckeye Tailback Cal Murray for no gain. On third-and-one, Marshall was hollering into his phone, "They won't throw!" They didn't, and Fullback Paul Campbell was stuffed for no gain. And on the Bucks' fourth try, everyone upstairs for USC was yelling to watch for a Schlichter option. That it was, and he was bent backwards.

Mason: "It's the guards who have got to jump. Not Campbell. He should have plowed through. Get it! Get it!"

Carroll (quietly): "He didn't get it."

Meanwhile, USC's Marshall leapt to his feet in exultation, but he caught his thighs under the table and crashed back into his chair. "Damn, I've done that before."

This goal-line stand was the heart of the game, for it crushed the heart of the Bucks. The morning after, over breakfast, Robinson relived the moment and confessed that "90 times out of 100, they would have scored on us." In fact, he said, had the Buckeyes either thrown or pitched, they would have scored. Although Earle Bruce was second-guessing himself for not going for a field goal ("You hate to go to the well and come away dry"), Robinson supported his counterpart's decision, saying, "There's not a coach in the country who doesn't think he can make two yards in four tries." Certainly not a coach of a No. 1 team seeking to hold onto that spot.

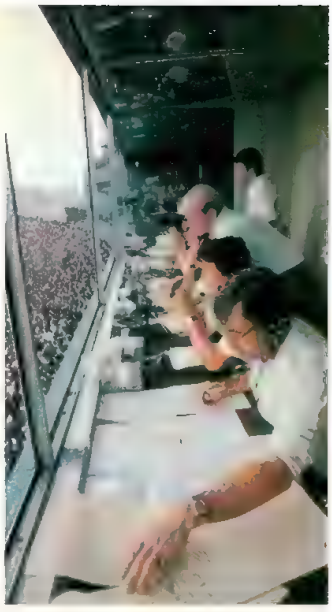
With 9:20 to go in the second quarter, McDonald dropped back to throw from his own 47, and the Ohio State coaches upstairs, who had called a blitz for the second time in a row, smelled a sack in the making.

Tucker: "Close it up! Close it up."

Carroll: "Hammer again. . . . Come on, T [Todd] Bell, come on, T Bell. Aw, Todd didn't show up."

Mason: "God dawg it! God dawg it! God dawg it!"

The pass was complete for 53 yards and a touchdown to the uncanny Trojan flanker, Kevin Williams. It was his eighth touchdown catch this season on just 25 receptions. The Buckeyes blitzed only five times all afternoon. Because of this one, which put Ohio State into man-to-man coverage, USC led 10–0. Later in the second quarter White made his first big run, dashing up the middle for 45 yards. But Todd Bell hammered the ball out of White's grasp from behind, and Jim Laughlin recovered for OSU on the Ohio State 20.



The Buckeyes in Rose Bowl Mission Control.

Carroll: "We got it. Holy mackerel! Great job. Who did that? Bell? He made the best play, just knocked the ball out."

Mason: "Leo Dash 37, 25. . . . Yeah, if we do it right now and overload that nickel defense. . . . Right, overload their tackle inside of the one angling in."

Carroll: "We're on our 33. Tell him to run out the clock."

But Schlichter was having none of that. On a third-and-one with just 38 seconds to play in the half, he found USC lined up as it had been the two previous plays, in an ill-advised short-yardage defense. Schlichter passed for 67 yards to Gary Williams and—bingo!—the score was 10–10. The Trojans were stunned, and Marshall grumped, "I forgot to tell them down there how little time was left. Of course they would pass. Damn!"

At the half, Robinson told his team, "Men, we've had our ups and downs in the first half, and the second half will be the same thing. Just keep playing. And don't blink."

In the Ohio State dressing room inspirational messages took a back seat to

the squeaking of chalk as revisions were diagramed. Through the first half the Buckeye offensive line had confronted an unusual defensive front, with both USC tackles lining up on one side of the center and the outside tackle angling in on the Ohio State tight end. The result was that the Ohio State offensive line was somewhat uncertain about its blocking assignments. Provisional adjustments had been made as the first half progressed; now the Bucks wanted to be dead certain they had the alignment diagnosed correctly. "It was a different look," said Coach Fred Zechman later, "but really it was the same alignment with different people. Upstairs we didn't recognize it as quickly as we should have."

Said Coach Mason, "In the dressing room we talked about it for a full 15 minutes, more than I'd ever spent on that kind of thing. We went over every play, every block, and I thought we made a very good adjustment."

The defensive scheme, meanwhile, was also altered somewhat, away from a pronounced concentration on defending against the run to a more balanced approach. The Buckeyes had clearly been sobered by the speed of Kevin Williams and thus would go to more pure zone pass coverage instead of relying so much on man-to-man against the speedburner. The Buckeyes were further sobered by the loss of Middle Guard Tim Sawicki, who injured his left knee in the second quarter and would not return.

But the halftime restructuring seemed to work. Field goals by Vlade Janakievski of 37 yards in the third quarter and 24 in the fourth (to go with his second-quarter 35-yarder) gave the Bucks a 16–10 lead, while USC was being denied a seemingly certain touchdown on an offensive pass-interference call.

Third quarter, Carroll on the phone to cornerback and backup rover Brian Schwartz: "Hey, Brian, now listen. If you get in there, I want you to play smart *football. They are going to come and get you, you understand that? Number 8 [Kevin Williams] is going to really take off on you. I want you to play deep. Mike [Guess] is in right now, but the next series you may go in. If you're playing inside man, I want you inside. If you're playing outside man, play outside. Don't mess around with anything else. Just play the coverage."*

Then, with 5:21 to go, White trotted onto the field with the rest of the Trojan offense. The ball was on the USC 17. Upstairs, USC Offensive Back Coach John Jackson said, "Let's see if we can't run it at 'em." That was the signal for White to take charge. Absolute charge. He burst 32 yards on a play called 22 Blast as Ohio State twice missed tackles.

USC Coach Paul Hackett on the field: "Let's repeat it."

Jackson: "No, let's change it."

As it was through most of this last drive, McDonald had his choice, and he elected 25 Power. White got outside for 28 yards and then was removed to rest.

Jackson: "Do I have him the next play?"

Hackett to White on the sideline: "Charlie?"

White (gasping): "Give me just one more out."

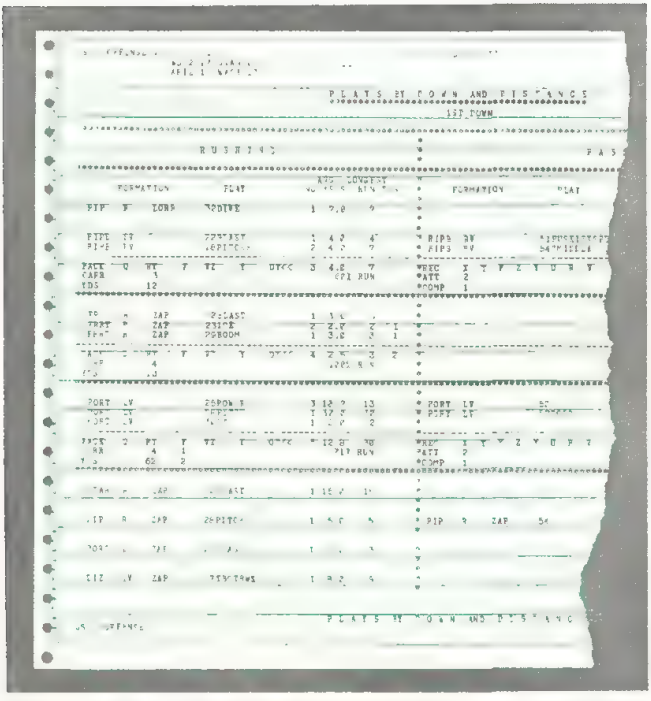
And then he was back, flu aches and all, for three yards, five yards, two yards and finally a 22 Jump to send himself vaulting and tumbling over the backs of Fullback Marcus Allen and Guard Roy Foster for the game-winning touchdown.

OSU's Carroll: "O.K., we're in State. Two tight, right.... C'mon, give us a pitch ... Iso! [White runs at right guard].... This is it, Ray should be there.... C'mon, where is he?

"That's the way Earle said it was going to be, White."

Said Robinson, "It just didn't make any sense to give it to anybody else." Indeed, White carried for 71 of the drive's 83 yards, and when Ohio State got the ball again, with 1:32 left, it could do nothing. As the Buckeye buses left the stadium, many of the players stared out at the Rose Bowl and vowed, "We'll be back next year." It's not a bad bet.

Later that evening Earle Bruce and his coaches stopped off at a Hollywood deli for a sandwich. Everyone bought pastrami and corned beef sandwiches and spread them on the hood of the car in a parking lot on Sunset Boulevard. "This is what happens when you lose," said Bruce. "If we had won, I'd have been someplace with tablecloths." END



Ohio State's tendencies in specific situations were revealed to USC in pages of computer printouts.

by Curry Kirkpatrick

Louisville is an uzzle-pay

In the pig Latin some Cards speak, why can't the eam-tay be even etter-bay?

Dr Dunkenstein has developed other talents

Dr. Dunkenstein. A broken Scooter. The pig Latin boys. A guy with a tearaway thumb. Why, if it isn't Louisville, harbinger of winter, loser of the big one, stranger in its own town and all-round enigma of college basketball. Yes, indeed. In a season already marked by so many injuries, suspensions and upsets that you can't tell the players without a forged transcript, the Cardinals have managed to hang right in there amidst the madness by employing some of their annual routines. Such as:

- Losing the heart of their defense, the exciting sophomore Scooter McCray. Cause: a torn cartilage in his right knee, suffered in the third game of the season.
- Positively exposing the weaknesses of haughty, then-second-ranked Ohio State's stale, non-running philosophy while pressing the Buckeyes into oblivion, 75–65, in the sixth game.
- And traveling halfway across the world to a tournament in Hawaii only to fall apart themselves, as evidenced by a 19-point first half in which the Cardinals shot 7 for 28 on the way to a 77–64 defeat at the hands of another enigma, the Fighting Decembers of Illinois.

"Hey, Derek Smith," Louisville Coach Denny Crum called out to one of his zillion good sophomores the other day. "Your size 15s are too big. You don't need all that feet. What say we chop off one of your toes and give it to Wiley?"

Inasmuch as Wiley Brown, another sophomore, needs a second thumb rather than an 11th toe, that suggestion was tabled. So Crum flew off to do the color for a Metro Conference TV game in St. Louis, then got back in time to coach his own team against dangerous Kansas State in what turned out to be the Cardinals' 10th victory in 12 games, 85–73. But who could've known that Crum would show up to coach or the Cardinals to play? You can never be sure at Louisville.

In the past eight seasons, or since the fun-loving, gin-rummy-playing Crum came roaring out from under the wing of UCLA's John Wooden to take charge of the Cardinals, Louisville averaged 23 victories and reached the NCAA final four twice—and, it is widely believed, had the 1975 national championship in the bag. The best free-throw shooter in school history had a one-and-one that would have clinched a semifinal win over UCLA and put Louisville in the finals with all the adrenaline flowing against the then-too-raw and much-hated Kentucky Wildcats. Instead, Terry Howard missed that opportunity, UCLA survived in overtime, and Wooden went on to win his last championship.

Have Crum and the Cardinals ever really recovered? In three of the four seasons since that debacle, strong and multitalented Louisville teams have done nothing so much as crumble at the wire, losing (in chronological order) four of their final six games, five of their final eight, and then, last year, five of their final eight again. In a fourth season-ending collapse, in the 1978 Midwest Regional, some puzzling Crum defensive strategy enabled DePaul's Dave Corzine to score 46 points—"layup city," a Louisville man called it—in a 90–89 upset. This so shocked the citizenry that Corzine's performance still hasn't been entered in the Louisville record book.

Ironically, Louisville's home court, fabled Freedom Hall out at the Kentucky Fair and Exposition Center, may be partly responsible for the Cardinals' sorry swan songs. They can't use the state-owned building much in February and are forced to play most of their late-season games on the road. "They put everything in there from tractor pulls to cockfights," says Crum.

A lack of freedom in Freedom already has hampered this season's Cards, who were unable to get in a single practice on the floor before their opening game. And, come *this* February, Louisville will play six of its final seven regular-season games away.

The city's business community and Julian Carroll, who was the Kentucky governor until last month, supposedly got behind an effort to build a new arena for the school, but now that another man inhabits the statehouse, the fear is that the bills for first lady Phyllis George Brown's smiling lessons will take precedence over any new sweatbox funds. Not to men-

continued on page 99

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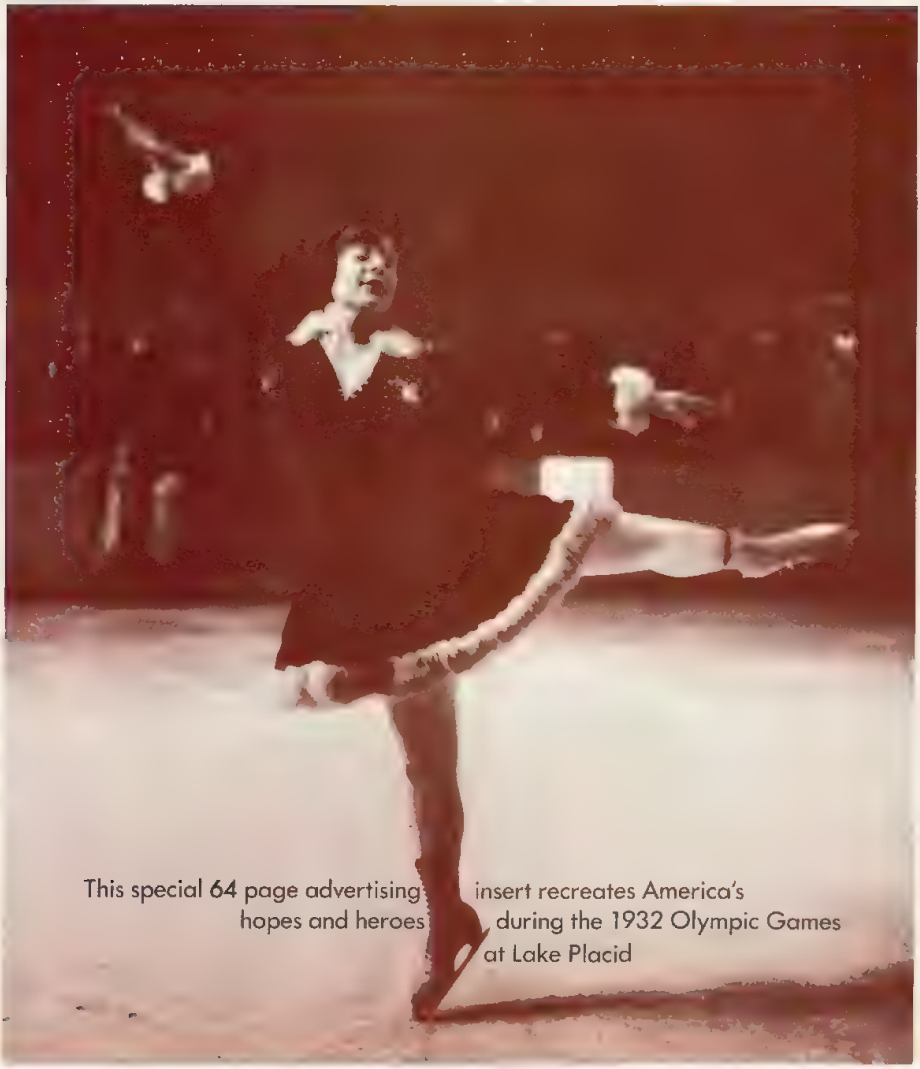

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The Winter Olympics at Lake Placid in 1932 now seem like a portrait in amber–but they were the only winter games the U.S. has ever won.

Forty-eight winters have passed since the crystalline little Adirondack Mountain village of Lake Placid, New York, last roused itself to welcome the greatest cold-weather athletes on the planet to the Olympic Games, but in retrospect that third Winter Olympiad seems even more distant. The Lake Placid of 1932 seems a historical curio, an amber-tinted memento of a simpler and more leisurely time.

The dramatic changes of the intervening

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Main Street, Lake Placid, N.Y., 1926: "the St. Moritz of America," its boosters called this slumbering Adirondack Mountain village with its two-block-long business section (above), a population of 3,000 and the most glorious winter vistas in the East. Winter sports in America had their beginnings on the jump hills (overleaf), cross-country trails and skating ponds of Lake Placid, and the pioneer winter sportsmen gloried in it: "Very few wallflowers or all-day sitters will you find in the winter colony," a 1911 visitor enthused to his citybound relatives. "You are here on purpose to get outdoors, snub the thermometer and try everything in sight. Untaught, you strike out on skis and find what it is to be unable to either stand up, sit down, move ahead or turn about. Almost nobody takes cold. I do not remember to have heard one solitary sneeze in ten days." It was inevitable that the first American Winter Olympics would be staged at Lake Placid, but far from inevitable that another Olympiad would return 48 years later. The visitors of 1980 will find a busier and faster-paced Main Street and an even smaller population (2800), but the same vistas and something of the same hardy and adventurous spirit.

years have of course altered everything, not just the scale and scope of the games themselves—the 14 events of the 1932 games have burgeoned to 34, the press contingent of several dozen has ballooned to a corps of thousands—and not just the character of this once-isolated village. Winter sports in America has undergone an even greater transformation.

Winter recreation in 1932—mostly cross-country "ski-running" and an occasional ski jump contest—was an indulgence of a few well-heeled partisans of the strenuous life. Downhill skiing as we know it today was nonexistent: the motorized lifts and curried trails of the great ski resorts were still several years away. Bobsledding had to wait until America's first bob run was built for the 1932 games. Figure skating was an expensive hobby, largely unknown to the American

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public, and speed skating was confined to Lake Placid and a few other pockets of wintry fanaticism across the nation's northern tier.

It is against this background of the tentative beginnings of American winter sports that the astonishing outcome of those last Lake Placid Olympics must be set: for the first and only time in the history of the winter games the United States was the victor. American athletes won the gold in six of the 14 events, captured the silver four times and the bronze twice. The aggregate American score of 103 was a comfortable 26 points ahead of second-place Norway. Three of the American wins, moreover, were achieved by residents of the host village of Lake Placid, population 2930.

This is the story of those remarkable long-ago games.

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Melvil Dewey (above), a librarian and the inventor of the Dewey Decimal System, was the founder of Lake Placid's famous club (below, left). His son Godfrey (above, left, wearing glasses) led the effort to bring the 1932 winter games to the Adirondacks. International Olympic Committee President Comte de Baillet-Latour (with cane) and New York Senator Warren Thayer surveyed the site of the Intervale ski jump with Godfrey Dewey while skater Bunny Sheffield (below) kept the publicity barrel rolling with a leap over 14 stout-hearted girls. Melvil Dewey died on Christmas Day, 1931.

STEDMAN PHOTO

Lake Placid was the logical choice as the first American site for the Winter Olympics. Set beside a pair of glistening lakes amid the dark ramparts of the pine-fringed Adirondacks, the town could fairly claim to be the capital of winter sports in 1932 America. The impetus had come from the town's most renowned and conspicuous institution, the Lake Placid Club, which had begun in the 1890s as a summer retreat for the upper crust. Club founder Melvil Dewey, whose other attainments included the creation of the Dewey Decimal System of book classification, decided in 1904 to transform the club into an all-year pleasuring ground. Importing 40 hickory skis from Norway, he introduced the hardiest of his members to the bracing satisfactions of crosscountry skiing, tobogganing and ice skating. Lake Placid became a winter resort.

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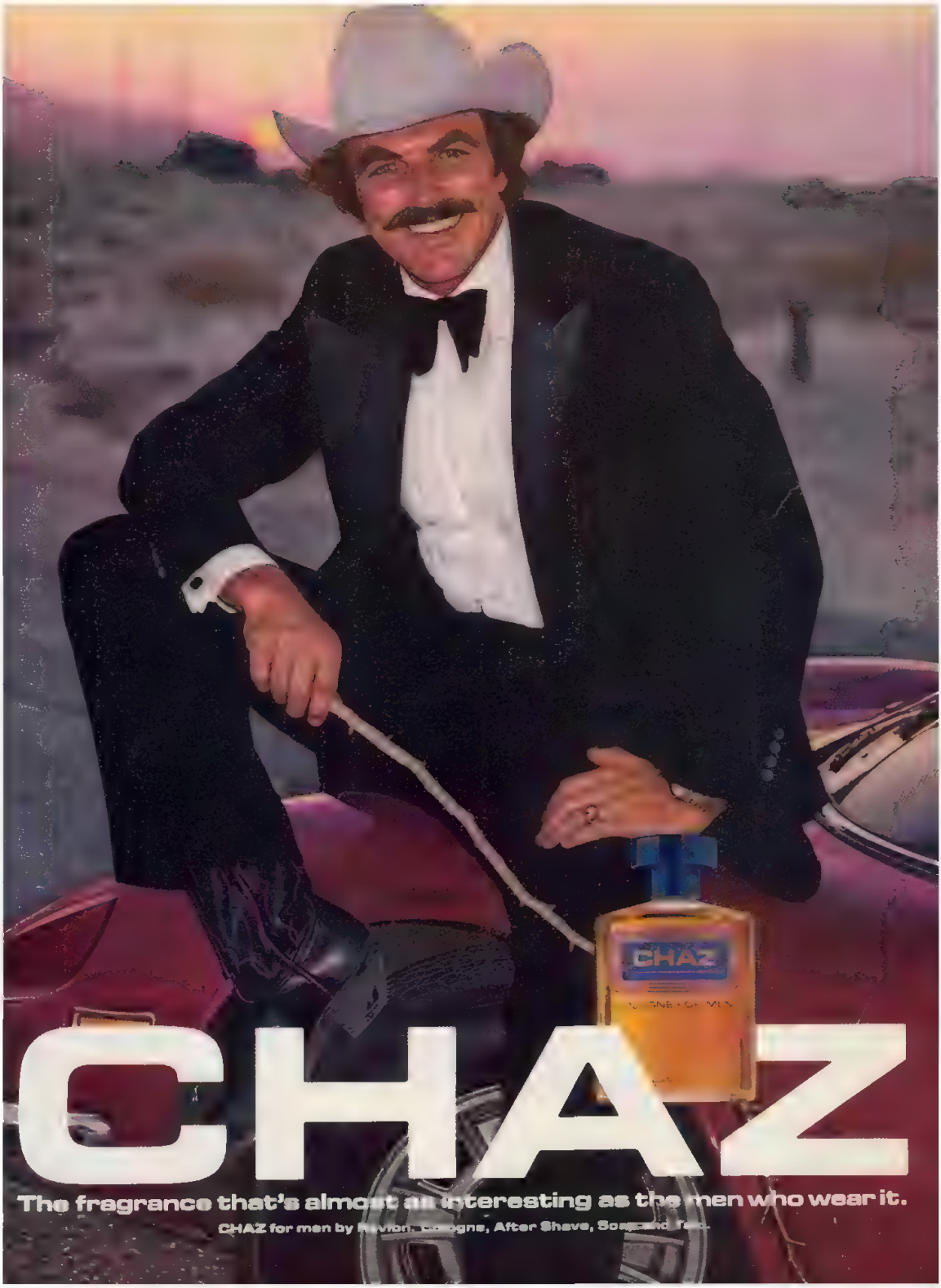
STEDMAN PHOTO

JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY

"When I ski, I ski," Jean-Claude Killy explained. "I am all alone with the mountain. I leave everything else behind." The daring French downhill racer known to his countrymen as "Le Superman" left both everything and everybody else behind in the 1968 Olympics at Grenoble, France. The 24-year-old Killy defied the trend to specialization by sweeping the three Alpine events—the *downhill, slalom and giant slalom*—a feat performed only once before, in 1956 by Austria's Toni Sailer.

The son of an innkeeper in the winter resort of Val d'Isère, Killy was skiing competitively by the time he was 8. "I was quite mad when I was young," he once recalled. "I took too many chances." But it was Killy's bold willingness to take risks—some called it recklessness—that made him *le roi* of the slopes. Enroute to victory in the Olympic downhill he dived from the starting gate and battled for more speed on a hairpin curve where his rivals had merely held steady. Killy shared the view of his star-struck countrymen that his win was foreordained. "I knew I would win, of course," he declared afterward. "I took the line I wanted and passed very well, no?"

Killy's revolutionary style—he sat back on his skis, letting his legs absorb the jolts and sacrificing form for velocity—inspired a vogue among weekend skiers for his natural technique. He was an original off the slopes as well: he drove racing cars, sky-dived and even made a pass at bullfighting. He once stunned spectators at a Swiss jumping exhibition by dropping his pants in midair, while *another time he insouciantly* parked a Volkswagen in an Italian hotel lobby. Killy raced professionally after his glorious 1968 season, starred in a ski film and occasionally competed in sports car races.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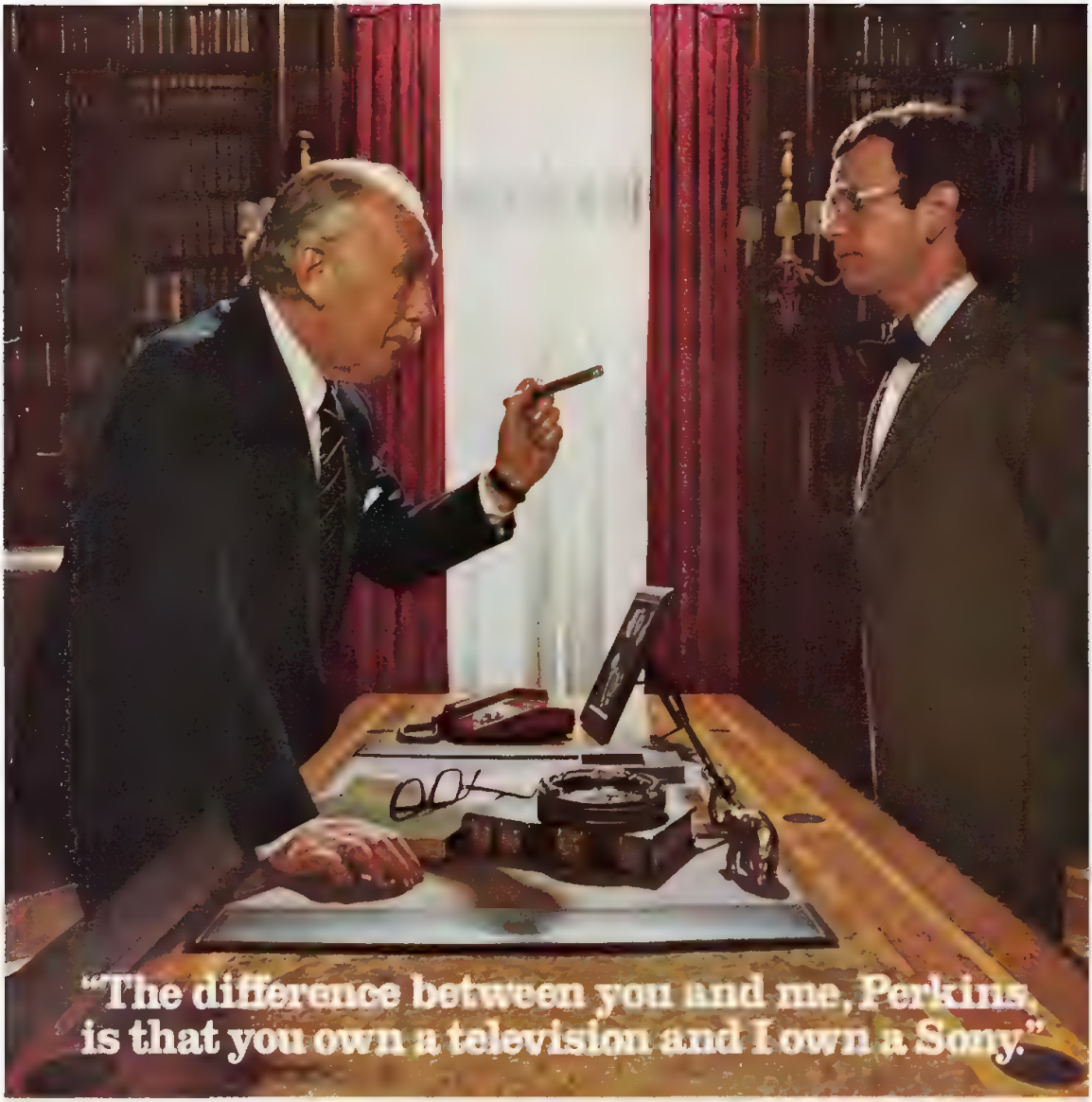

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The ensuing years, from 1904 to the Great Depression of the 1930s, were a golden era for Lake Placid and its famous club. This was the age of the grand hotels, and the Lake Placid resorts were among the grandest anywhere. The club had its own post office, its own fire brigade and its own police force. Members arriving for the season would debark at the railroad station and transfer to the club's Stanley Steamer (in the winter there were horse-drawn sleighs) for the short ride to the main lodge, where they were installed in spacious suites equipped with stone fireplaces. The long, lazy summers were a succession of afternoons on the golf courses, the tennis courts, the bridle paths or the croquet greens and evenings of elegant cotillions or outdoor concerts. In the winter there was skating and sledding and skiing and the novelty of "skijoring," in which a skier was towed effortlessly across snow and ice

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By the mid-1920s the Lake Placid Club (above) was among the grandest, most exclusive and most renowned of the great Adirondack resort hotels: its 356 buildings meandered over 9600 acres on the eastern side of tranquil Mirror Lake. But when Melvil Dewey founded the club in 1885 it had only 30 members and a single clubhouse. Dewey's club was not for everyone—lazy summers were a succession of afternoons on the golf courses, tennis courts, bridle paths or croquet greens—and his rules sometimes rankled even the members: the spelling was aggressively simplified in accordance with Dewey's linguistic theories (catalogue became "catalog"), and smoking was taboo—despite the fact that cigars were sold at the club. Still the club's rough-country delights were irresistible to the privileged few who could afford them—"skijoring" behind a complacent steed across frozen Mirror Lake (preceding page, left), cross-country skiing, hiking and outdoor theatricals in the summer. "The millionaires here were the quiet ones," a longtime resident says. Crooner Rudy Vallee (preceding page, right) was one of many celebrities who shared Dewey's taste for the comfortably rustic.

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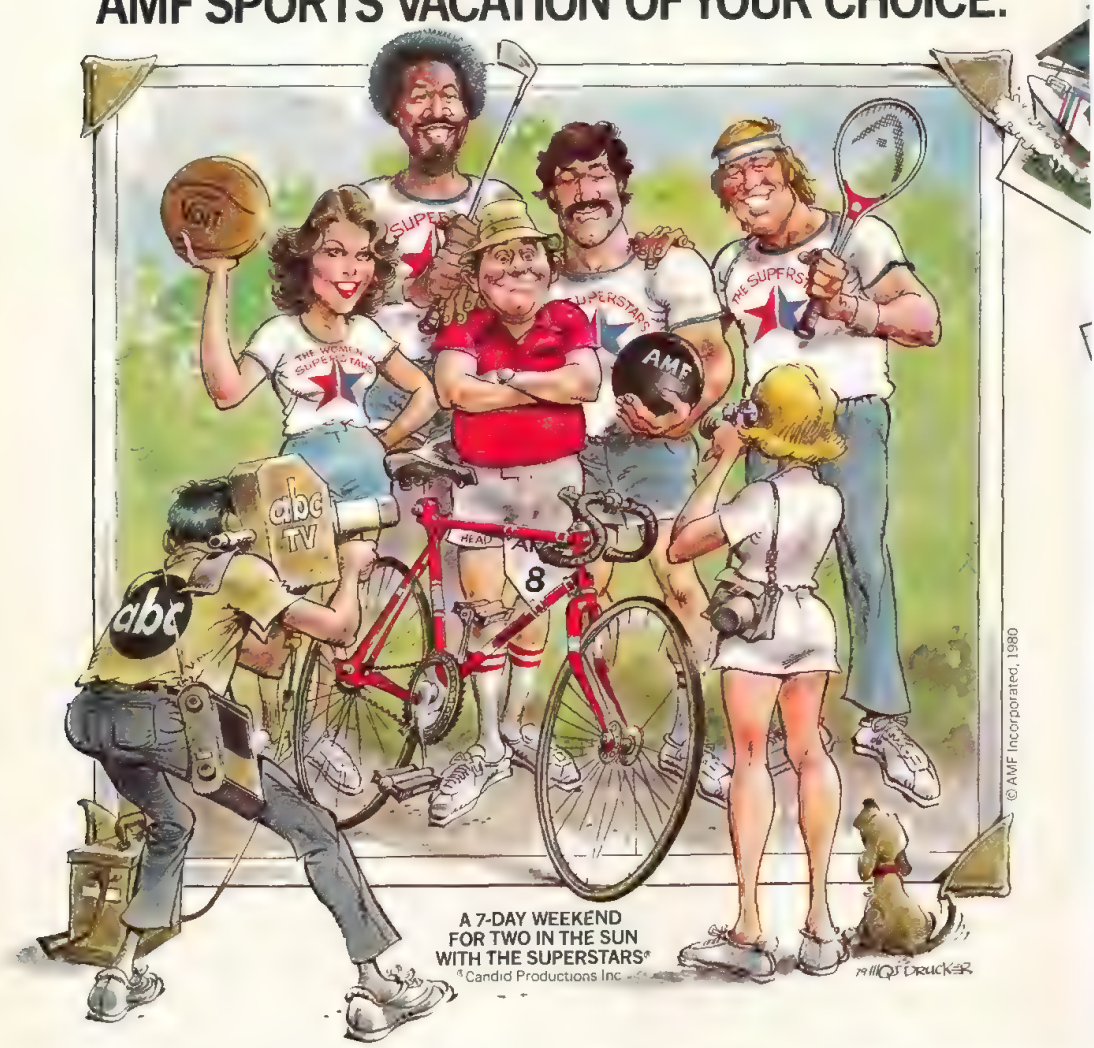

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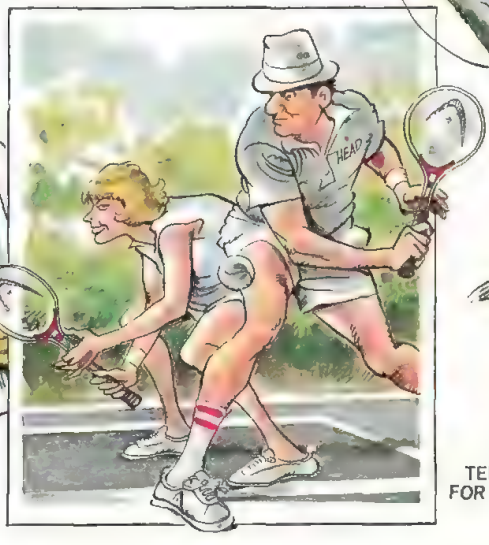

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by a mild-mannered draft horse. Among the most popular events were the Indian "council fires", where members dressed in elaborate Indian costumes and reenacted Iroquois rituals, concluding with a great bonfire which illuminated most of the town.

The club helped to define Lake Placid's character. The visitors were there to "rough it," but they roughed it in style. Lake Placid thought of itself as a place of simple, low-key diversions, in contrast to such showier spas as Newport and Palm Beach. "The millionaires here were the quiet ones," a longtime resident recalls. "They lived simply and dressed in old clothes. Their wives often looked like somebody's cook. If a member brought his butler here he was laughed at. Lake Placid was a sophisticated town, to be sure—the amount of money here was stupendous—but it was

Bordered by the Lake Placid business district on one side and by elegant hotels and vacation homes on the other, mile and a half long Mirror Lake (above) has long been the village's summer and winter playground. The Stevens House, which rises on the hill at the far end of the lake in this picture, was one of several elaborately comfortable resorts which catered to the carriage trade during the cool Adirondack summers. "The grand hotel era lasted from about 1872 to 1920 or so," says town historian Mary MacKenzie. "It was the automobile that killed it." The Stevens House eventually succumbed to the wrecker's ball while other resorts, like the Lake Placid Club, opened their doors to the general public. The best of Lake Placid's young skaters vied in winter-weekend races on Mirror Lake in the years before 1932, building a tradition that would place Lake Placid athletes on every winter Olympic team down to the present. When the Olympics came to town the skating action shifted to the outdoor rink in front of Lake Placid High School (overleaf), the site of all Olympic speed skating events and six of the 12 hockey games (the others were played indoors), including this contest between Canada and Poland.

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somehow innocent too, maybe guileless is a better word."

The townsfolk of Lake Placid, many of whom toiled at the club, became smitten with the members' enthusiasm for winter sports. Mirror Lake, which froze dependably every winter, was an ideal ice-skating arena, and the boys of Lake Placid took to speed skating with the same passion that the sons of the suburbs now bring to Little League baseball. "You have no idea of the mania for skating there was then," an oldtimer remembers. "The stores all closed on Saturday afternoons in winter for the races. Everybody went. There were big grandstands on the ice—it's a wonder that the ice didn't give way." The boys competed according to their age—10 and under, 12 and under and so forth. At the end of the winter those with the highest point to-

tals were given trophies. Jack Shea, who would win two gold medals in speed skating at the 1932 games, got his first taste of competition in the Saturday races on Mirror Lake. He remembers watching the fur bedecked club members parade across the ice to see them race.

Lake Placid skaters were soon competing against the world's best in international meets on Mirror Lake and elsewhere. "The meet I remember best was in St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1923," Shea says. "There were five age categories, and Lake Placid boys won all five." When the Winter Olympics began the following year at Chamonix, France, the first gold medal of the games was presented to speed skater Charles Jewtraw of Lake Placid. "He was a hero to me," Shea recalls. "He would never pass a kid by without saying something encouraging to him." Jewtraw's

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UPI

Home-grown speed skating hero Jack Shea, the son of a properous Lake Placid merchant who later became a state legislator, greeted New York Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt (above, left) when FDR made his first visit to Lake Placid in 1929. Lake Placid's pride in its selection as the site of the 1932 games turned to anxiety as the weather remained stubbornly rainy and unseasonably warm up to a few weeks before the beginning of the games. A providential snowfall arrived just in time to welcome the 17 competing nations to the official opening

DOROTHY HAMILL

Dorothy Hamill's only ambition when she began skating on a pair of $5.95 ice skates at the age of 8 was modest enough she wanted to learn to skate backwards Group lessons and then private lessons near the Hamill home in Riverside, Conn , followed, so that by the time she was 14 her goal had become somewhat loftier she wanted to win the Olympic figure-skating title She and her mother moved to Denver where she could train with skating teacher Carlo Fassi, and Dorothy trudged to work every morning like a road repairman or a bank clerk—seven hours a day, six days a week. ' On the seventh day, she recalled later, "I took ballet lessons '

Her discipline and dedication were vindicated when she won the United States figure-skating championship in 1973 at the age of 16 she successfully defended her title in 1974 and 1975 Consistently excellent in the free-skating part of the program Dorothy had to struggle to overcome a weakness in the compulsory figures and to down the nervous jitters that frequently afflicted her before a performance Stepping onto the ice she said, was sometimes like going to an execution '

She got off to a good start in the 1976 games at Innsbruck by finishing second in the compulsory phase of the competition, then moved into first during the short program and sailed to victory with a sparkling performance in the free skating highlighted by a spectacular move in which she hung suspended before completing one and a half revolutions in the air After each round the nearsighted Dorothy squinted across the ice to read her score Like many other highly-trained athletes she became almost nerveless when it counted most surprising even herself I don t really bomb out on anything, she chirped after her win That's a first for me "

Her next stop after Innsbruck was Goteborg, Sweden, where she banished any lingering doubt by winning the world championship before signing to star with the Ice Capades for an estimated $2 million

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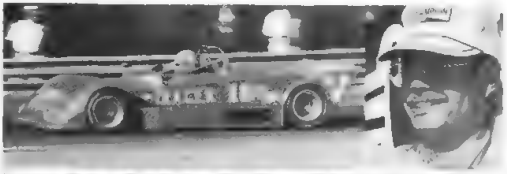
G Production, Bert Craft Dr.—MG Midget, Bethlehem PA

F Production, Robert Kerr—Porsche Speedster, Jacksonville FL

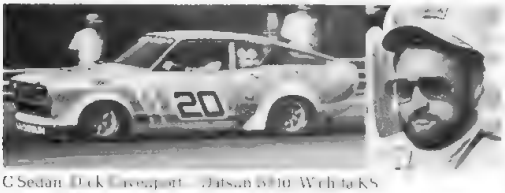
Formula [illegible], Larry Wolfe—[illegible], Bath OH



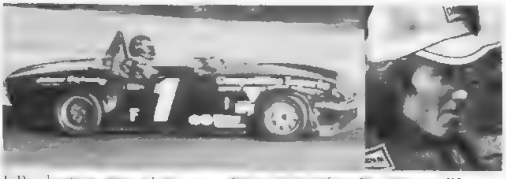
C Sports Racing, Jim Fosler—Tiga Cosworth Ford, Hickman CA

H Production, Catherine Sizer—MG Midget, Akron OH

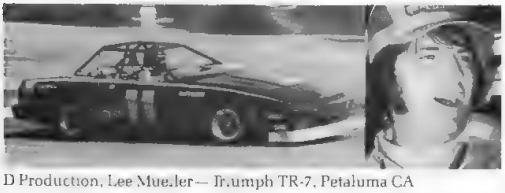
B Sedan, Bud Coykendall—Datsun 200 SX, Rochester NY



C Sedan, Dick Greenport—Datsun 510, Wichita KS



F Production, Steve Johnson—Triumph Spitfire, Providence RI



D Production, Lee Mueller—Triumph TR-7, Petaluma CA

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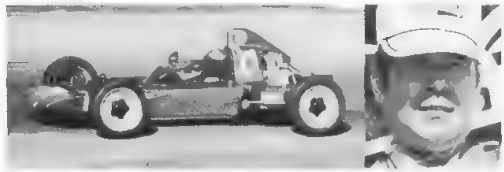

Formula Vee, Wayne Moore — Zink VW, Atlanta GA

A Sports Racing, Jerry Hansen — Lola Chevy, Wayzata MN

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U S A

Olympics

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performance in 1924 was the beginning of an extraordinary tradition: athletes from Lake Placid have competed in every Winter Olympic games between then and now.

In their application to the International Olympic Committee for the privilege of hosting the 1932 winter games the Lake Placid delegation had been especially confident on one persistently troublesome point: "The winter climate of the Lake Placid region is unusually dependable," the New Yorkers had declared. "Rarely is it necessary to postpone a major winter sports event even for a day." But by January of 1932, with the honor in hand, the gleaming new facilities completed and the opening ceremony only a few weeks away, the weather had become unusually undependable. That January was the warmest in upstate New York in 147 years the U.S. Weather Service

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STEDMAN PHOTO

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Model T Fords, touring cars and rickety board-sided trucks jammed the two-lane roads around Lake Placid (above) during the 12 days of competition which began on February 4. The Austrian contingent kicked off the opening parade behind their red and white flag (top, right), borne by a local Boy Scout. The Belgians followed in blue ski suits and red and gold knit hats, then the Canadians with their white coats ornamented with red maple leaves. Next came Czechoslovakia, then France and Finland in dark blue outfits and Germany in bright red. The team from Great Britain consisted of four little girls, all figure skaters. The Italians in light blue and the Japanese in dark blue were followed by the favored Norwegians (below, right), led by defending Olympic figure skating champion Sonja Henie. Miss Henie, the only woman on her team, was stylishly turned out in a burnt-orange leather coat in glittering contrast to the dark blue of her male teammates. The beguiling Sonja had told reporters on her arrival in New York that seven years of rigorous training—three hours of skating daily, no smoking or drinking and "only the most wholesome food"—struck her as more than enough; she was ready to retire after one more Olympic title.

had kept records. As late as January 25th, with dozens of participants already in town and opening day only 10 days off, the hills around the Lake Placid plateau were still embarrassingly brown. The American team had been forced to cancel qualifying races in several events.

The other major anxiety on the eve of the games was the effect of the worldwide Depression on participation and attendance. Several nations which had been expected to send teams were forced to withdraw. The final entry list included representatives of only 16 countries besides the U.S., and a number of those, among them Romania, Hungary, Poland and Belgium, were competing in only one or two events. The strongest teams, as expected, came from northern Europe, epecially Norway, the winner in the two previous win-

MAURICE McTEAGUE

STEDMAN PHOTO

The appearance of the 94-strong American team (above, right) and the neighboring Canadians (above, left) drew the biggest applause from the 3,000 spectators at the opening ceremony. The press corps was led by popular sportscaster Ted Husing (below left), who offered daily resumes and play-by-play broadcasts on CBS radio. Eleven-year-old figure skater Megan Taylor (below, right), one of three eleven-year-old British skaters, was a favorite of the sportswriters, but the glamour girl of the games was clearly 19-year-old Sonja Henie (overleaf).

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

STEDMAN PHOTO

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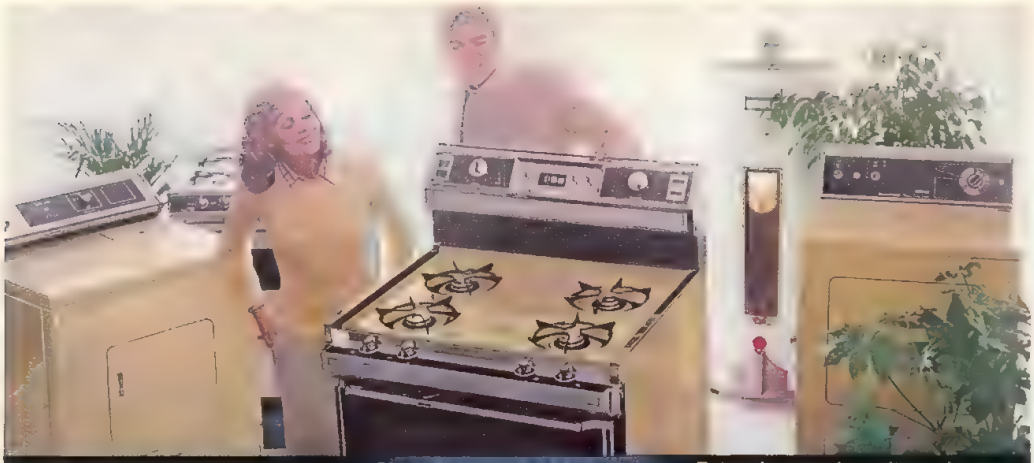

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ter games.

Throughout January the European teams sailed into New York harbor on the great liners of the day. Sportswriters were particularly fascinated by the fact that many teams brought their own chefs and foods. The Finns, arriving on the *Berengaria* on January 13th, were accompanied by cartons of rye bread, preserved meat and cheese—"the Finnish national diet," a newspaper explained. The Norwegians on the *Europe* complained that choppy seas had made shipboard calisthenics impossible. The Italians, sailing in on the *Conte Biancamano*, anxiously inquired about snow conditions at Lake Placid. The early favorites of the New York press were a pair of diminutive 11-year-old figure skaters from Britain, the games' youngest competitors.

But it was the January 26th arrival of the *Ile*

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

de France that generated the greatest excitement. The star passenger on the French liner was Sonja Henie, the doll-like Norwegian figure skater who would be the darling of the games. The blonde, 19-year old Sonja, who was defending the Olympic title she had won in 1928 at St. Moritz, captivated the writing press even before she was on U.S. soil. Sonja "tripped off the *Ile de France*," one writer rhapsodized, "with the same zephyr-like grace with which she has glided into all the figure skating championships of the world." Submitting to the inevitable interviews, the fur-clad champion rejected the possibility of either marriage or professionalism—she would later star in movies—and advised reporters that this was probably her last Olympics; she planned to withdraw to the Sorbonne, she said, and devote herself to the study of French. The press also noted, some-

STEDMAN PHOTO

ARD SCHENK

Ard Schenk the name has a hard and steely sound, a mechanical quality appropriate for a speed skater of power and precision Tall blond and handsome, Holland s Schenk was a skating colossus at the 1972 winter games in Sapporo equally formidable in the sprints and the endurance races he scored a rare triple by winning gold medals in the 1,500-meter, 5,000 meter and 10,000 meter events He had established his supremacy by winning the all-around world title for two years before the 1972 games and glided to world-record marks at his three favorite distances The Dutch liked his so much that they named a tulip after him

Schenk s formula for success was simple practice, then practice some more "There is no secret," he told an inquirer Everybody can see what I do You have to be a good skater and physically strong and you have to train every day, whatever the weather. If it snows I just keep skating " The youngest of five children, he grew up on a mink ranch in northern Holland He began speed skating at the relatively advanced age of 9, reached world class at 18 and captured his first Olympic medal—a silver in the 1,500 meters—at the 1968 games in Grenoble Three years later, as he escalated his training regimen in preparation for the 1972 Olympics, his fiancee demanded that he choose between her and the ice The fiancee lost

Schenk, a trained physiotherapist, turned professional in 1973 and won the first professional world speed skating championship in Sweden, collecting a purse of a little more than $10 000 He and the other pro skaters were thrown out of work shortly afterward, however, when the International Speed Skating League collapsed. Now 34, he works as a physiotherapist and a reporter on Dutch television

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what less kindly, that Sonja had set a new Olympic individual baggage record by arriving with two dozen pieces of luggage.

The good news at Lake Placid, meanwhile, was that enough snow had finally fallen to save local faces. A six-inch fall on January 25th was serendipitously followed by six more inches on the 28th, permitting ski jumpers to get in some needed practice and the townspeople to do a little skijoring. Bunting was strung along Main Street and the flags of the competing nations were unfurled in front of their headquarters. Hotels and boardinghouses, charging up to $15 for a room with private bath, were filling up. Special trains from points south and west were arriving daily, and sidings were made available for the pullman cars which would house many visitors. The people of Lake Placid viewed the games as a

STEDMAN PHOTO

Substituting for the absent President Herbert Hoover, a smiling Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt took his place on the reviewing stand beside Godfrey Dewey (left) a few minutes before the games' official opening. For FDR, who had arrived that morning by special train with his wife and entourage, the occasion was ripe with political potential: he had already accumulated the first 22 delegates in his quest for the Democratic presidential nomination. For Dewey, who had led the four-year drive to bring the Olympics to Lake Placid, the satisfactions were more tangible. The custom in those years was for the same nation to host the winter and summer games. The selection of Los Angeles as the venue for the 1932 summer Olympics presaged several months of maneuvering among the seven sites vying for the winter games—Lake Tahoe and Yosemite Valley, Calif., Duluth and Minneapolis, Minn., Denver, Bear Mountain, N.Y., and Lake Placid. Dewey, having engineered Lake Placid's selection, battled balky legislators and wary local voters to gain approval of the necessary funds for an Olympic bob run and an indoor arena (preceding page). The completed $294,000 arena was dedicated only three weeks before the games began.

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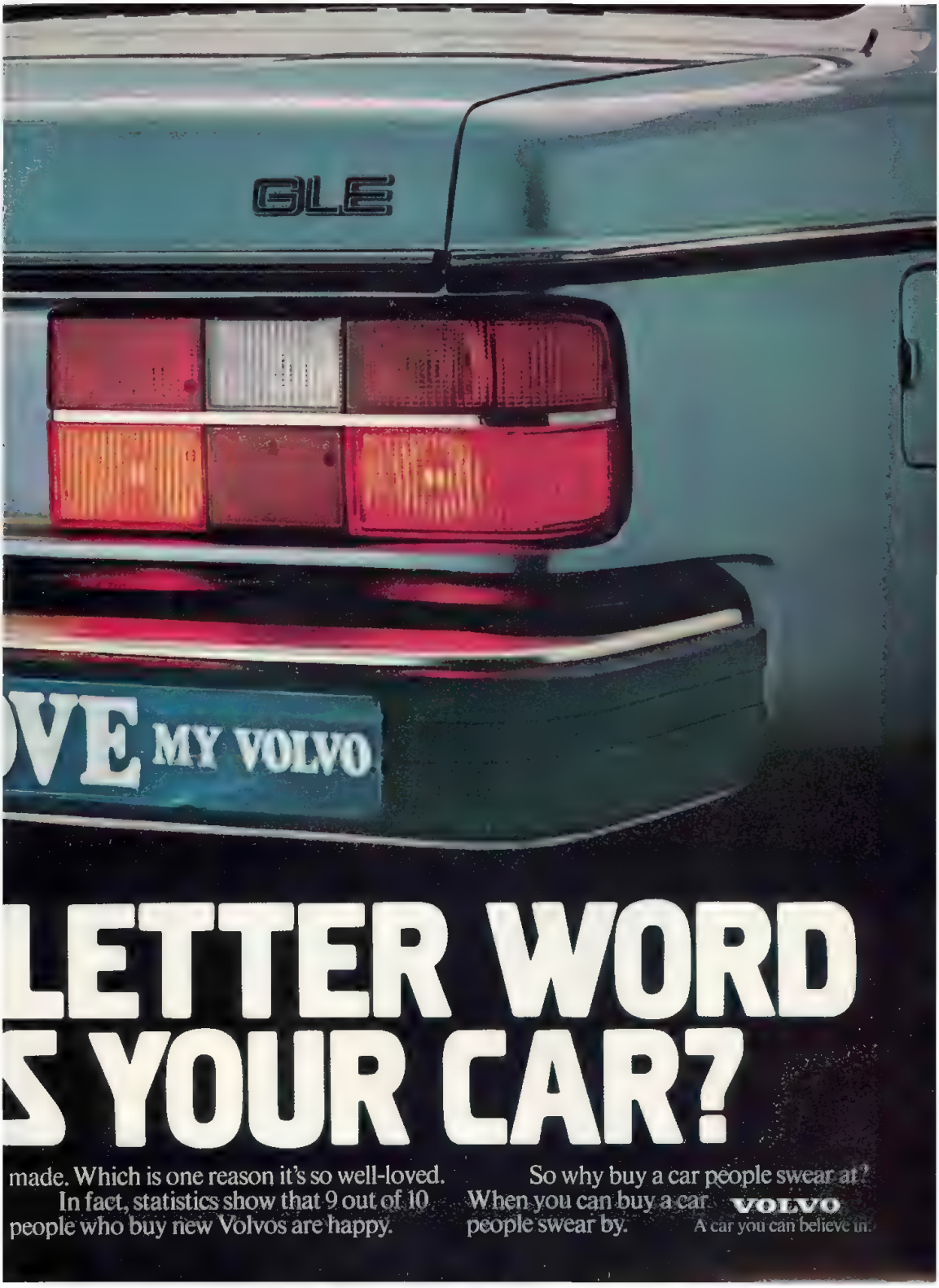

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collective enterprise; "it was like a community social," Shea recalls. Many set up extra beds, which came to be known as "Olympic cots," and took in boarders. The athletes, not yet segregated in Olympic Villages, lived in local lodges and homes and mingled with the folks. "It was all very friendly," a man who was there remembers. "The atmosphere was competitive but it was more like a high-school competition. They were vying for first place but it wasn't a do-or-die proposition."

The only stains on the pre-game preparations were a pair of accidents suffered by German bobsled teams practicing on the new run at nearby Mount Van Hoevenberg. The first mishap injured two of the four sledders seriously enough to knock them out of the games. The second, two days later, was even worse: the sled leaped the wall at a curve and flew 85

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Standing on a reviewing stand five feet above the ice and abreast of the speed skating finish line, Roosevelt gazed out at the assembled athletes and their flags—364 participants from 17 countries—as he prepared to deliver his welcoming address (above). In the past the welcoming dignitaries had confined themselves to a single sentence proclaiming the commencement of the games, but FDR seized the opportunity to recall one of the original Olympic aspirations: peace. The Olympic medal, he said, "has come to typify the very best athlete in all nations in honor as well as in health. I wish in these later days that the Olympic ideas of 2800 years ago could have been carried out in one further part. In those days it was the custom every four years, no matter what war was in progress, to cease all obligations of armies during the period of the games. Can those early Olympic ideals be revived throughout all the world so that we can contribute in a larger measure?" Among his listeners was a team from Japan, whose army was marching on Manchuria at that moment. With that a single gunshot was fired, the white Olympic flag was raised over the Lake Placid rink and the games were on.

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GOODYEAR

feet before crashing in a rock-strewn gulley; all but one of the four men aboard were hospitalized with serious back and head injuries. Germany promptly recruited another team from Germans living in the U.S.

Jack Shea, the 21-year-old Dartmouth sophomore who was Lake Placid's best hope in the games, was a late arrival. The black-haired local hero, the son of a Main Street grocer who had later been elected a state assemblyman, had been delayed by midyear exams, the last of which he completed only three days before the games began. When he finally turned up in his festive hometown he learned that he had been selected to take the Olympic oath, on behalf of all the participants, in the February 4th opening ceremony.

The opening-day spectacle, held at the

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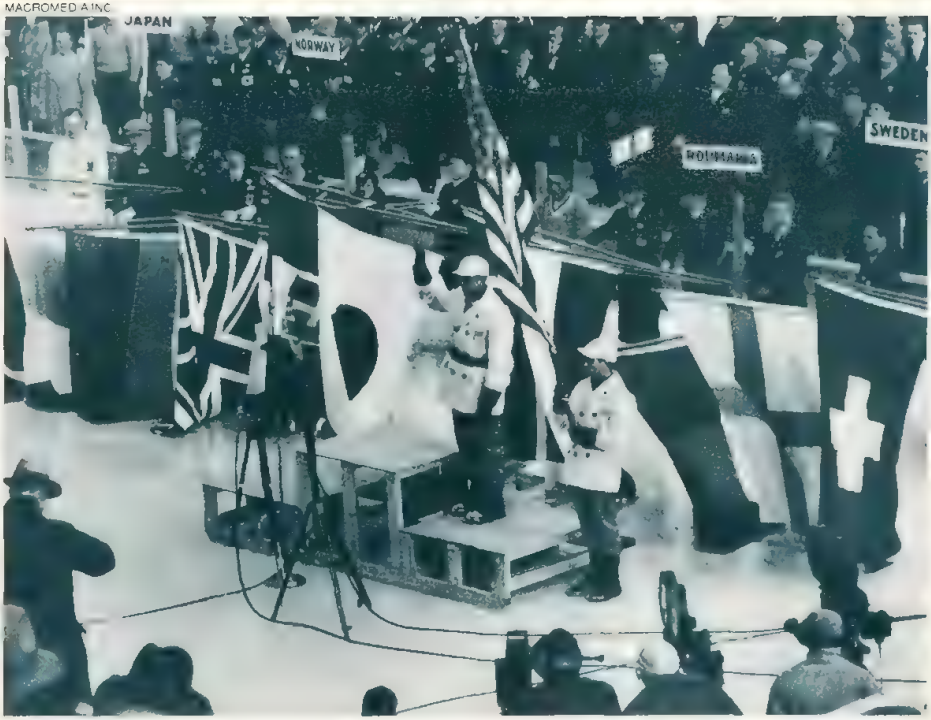

Jack Shea, the 21-year-old Dartmouth sophomore who had grown up on the shore of Mirror Lake, took the oath for all the Olympic athletes (above) as his teammate, bobsledder Billy Fiske, held the American flag. The North American champion in 1929 and 1930, Shea had been winning speed skating races ever since the winter weekend competitions of his boyhood. In his first race, as an 8-year-old, he was so nervous that a friendly policeman had to help him to the start line. Originally a distance skater, Shea had transformed himself into a sprinter before the Olympics by training for months to develop a quick start. He had never competed against the leading Europeans before the 1932 games, but a half-hour after he took the oath he earned a place in the finals of the 500-meter race —the first on the program—by finishing second in his qualifying heat. In the six-man finals (next page), skating in the words of one sportswriter, "as though no man alive could beat him," Shea nipped the favored Norwegian Bernt Evensen and Canada's Bill Logan to win a gold medal in the Olympic record tying time of 43.4. Concentrating so intensely, Shea was oblivious of the hometown fans who cheered from over the top of a canvas fence.

speed skating oval in front of Lake Placid high school, began with the parade of the teams—the Canadians in white sweaters emblazoned with maple leaves, the Germans in bright red, the Norwegians a sea of blue broken only by Sonja Henie's orange leather coat, and finally the Americans in white coats and blue pants. The official welcome was delivered by New York Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, standing in for President Herbert Hoover, who had sent his regrets. Roosevelt, already accumulating delegates for the Democratic presidential nomination, had arrived by special train early that morning. He had made a quick trip to the bobsled run, where he watched anxiously as his wife Eleanor sped down the dangerous course with an American sledder.

Jack Shea's oath-taking—"for the honor of our countries and the glory of sport"—closed

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

ANDREA MEAD

The rule in the Rutland, Vermont, household were Andrea Mead grew up was the perfect commandment for a potential Olympian ' if the weather's good, you ski, if it's bad, you go to school." Skiing, in fact, was even more accessible than school was the senior Meads owned the Pico Peak resort just outside Rutland "Andy" Mead was snowplowing down the family hill long before she could read and by age 6 she had her own coach in Carl Acker, an instructor her parents had brought home from Davos, Switzerland At 11 the precocious Andy finished second in the womens' slalom championships of the Eastern U.S

She made her Olympic debut at 15 in 1948, finishing eighth in the slalom won by her American teammate Gretchen Fraser. The slalom was always Andy's favorite. it's more of a problem,' she explained, "more of a test of skill " Four years later she demonstrated her gift for problem-solving by winning both the slalom and the giant slalom at the 1952 games in Oslo Nineteen-year-old Andy was only the second American, after Gretchen Fraser, to win an Olympic gold medal in an Alpine event

Andy always functioned best when she could approach a championship race as if it were just another joyride down Pico Peak ' I know it's the Olympics she said in Norway, ' and everybody wants to win But honestly I don't I'd just like to do my best, that's all.' "I've learned never to wish her good luck on a race day," her husband Dave Lawrence said ' It just makes her mad I tell her to have fun." That was all she needed

Andy retired after the 1952 games to raise a family. Now divorced, she lives with her five children in Malibu, Calif and plays an active role in various environmental campaigns

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the ceremony. Immediately afterward Shea donned his skates and turned out for the first event of the games, the 500-meter speed skating race.

The pre-Olympics favorite in the 500 was Norway's Bernt Evensen, but Shea's confidence had grown during an intensive training regimen over the Christmas holidays. When he qualified for the six-man finals he knew he had as good a chance as anyone. "When I got to the mark I felt cautious but I was like a spring trap," he recalls. "I knew I had to snap at the start to get away fast. My only worry was hitting a bad piece of ice or maybe someone throwing something." He remembers a remarkable calm settling over him just before the starting gun.

Shea broke on top, holding his lead as the

MACFARLANE

The day after his triumph in the 500-meter race Jack Shea was on the ice again for the 1500-meter competition. "I slept well the night in between," he recalls. "I could always sit in a chair and go to sleep." The Scandinavians, again rated the favorites, failed to place a single skater in the finals of the 1500, leaving the dash for the medals to three Americans and three Canadians. Shea, trailing teammate Herb Taylor at the final turn, became the first American ever to win two Winter Olympic gold medals when Taylor lost his balance and fell coming out of the turn. For Shea, the victory of Canadians Alexander Hurd and Bill Logan (below) was icing on the cake. After his win in the 500, he said, the 1500-meter contest seemed like "just another race." Three years ago the 66-year-old Shea, now an elected official in Lake Placid, donned his skates once again (right page) to launch a fund-raising drive for the 1980 games.

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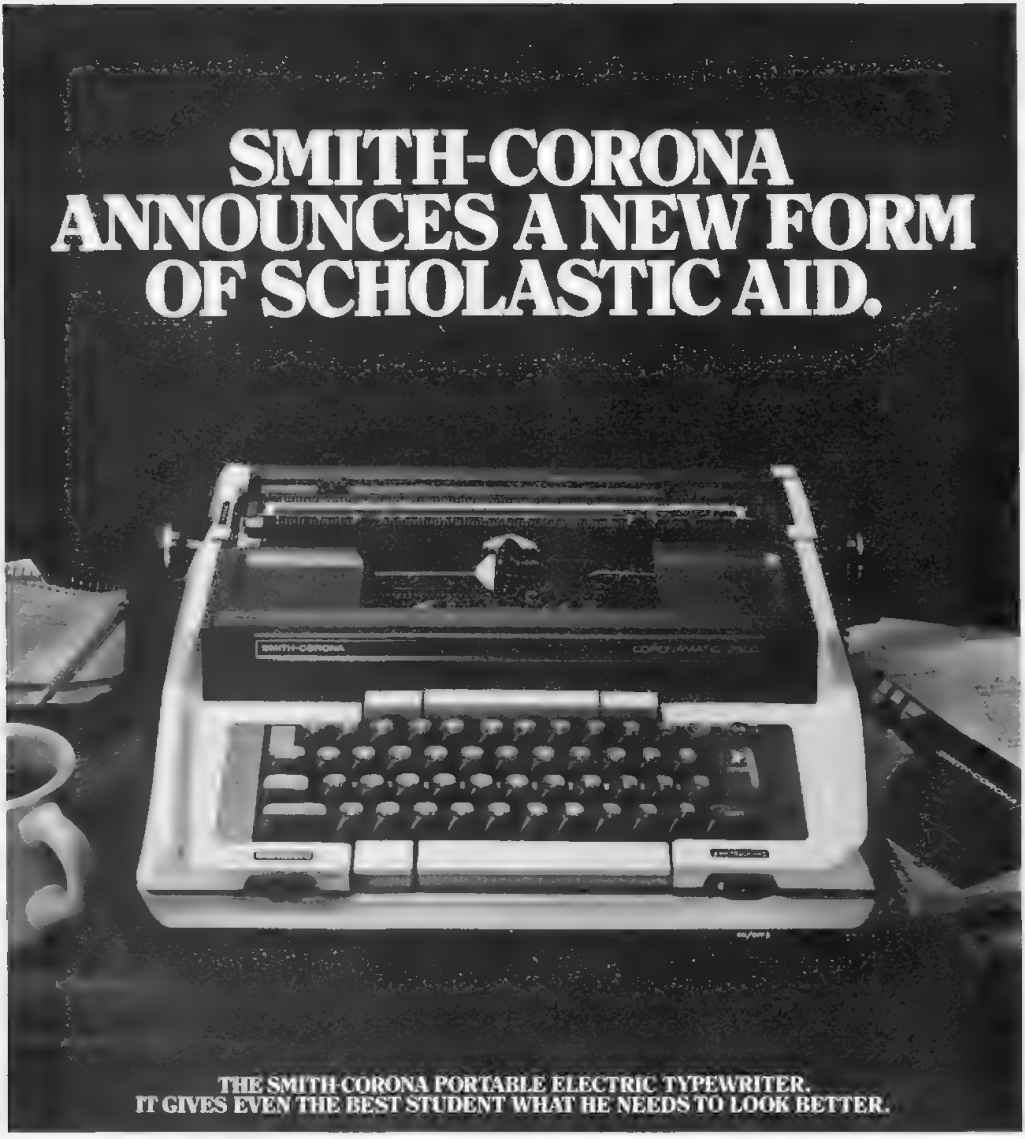

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skaters blazed into the first turn. His neighbors screamed their encouragment, but Shea was alone in a world of his own. "I didn't hear a thing, never heard another skate until I was on the last stretch," he recalls. "I didn't hear the crowd until it was over." Legs pumping, arms cleaving the air, he snapped the red worsted thread at the finish line a full five yards ahead of Evensen. The time was 43.4 seconds, equalling the Olympic record. Shea returned to the winner's platform where he had taken the Olympic oath less than two hours earlier.

When the Olympians of 1980 come to Lake Placid Jack Shea will greet them as Supervisor (chief executive officer) of the township of North Elba, the jurisdiction which includes the village of Lake Placid. He can stand at his office window and see the arena where he en-

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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Shea was at the far right and Irving Jaffee, who won gold medals in the 5,000 and 10,000-meter events, was fourth from left when the U.S. skaters assembled for a group portrait (above) shortly before their stunning success at Lake Placid. The all-male team was a sign of the times: women were not permitted to compete in Olympic skating events until 1960. When Shea returned to Dartmouth after the Olympics he was greeted by the student body *en masse*, the first time an individual athlete had been so honored at the New Hampshire college. Shea was invited to Scandinavia soon afterwards for a series of races against the best of the Europeans, including world record holder Clas Thunberg of Finland, a nonparticipant at Lake Placid, but the academic demands of Dartmouth forced him to turn down the trip. For Jack Shea the 1932 games were the last hurrah: by 1936 he had retired from the rigors and rewards of world-class competition. Unlike figure skating champions, speed skaters were unable to capitalize on their success by performing for pay—the only available jobs were the occasional barrel-jumping demonstrations the skaters called "tank work." After graduation, Shea spent a year in law school before returning to Lake Placid and a job in his father's store.

joyed the most glorious morning of his life. "You have no idea what it felt like," he says now. "To see the American flag raised, the pride in a way it was a culmination of a community project. Lake Placid and I had been pointing toward that moment since I was 3 years old."

Shea's unexpectedly easy win was followed by an even greater surprise for the home team that same afternoon: 24-year-old Irving Jaffee, a New York City native who had learned to skate in Central Park, overtook the favored Ivar Ballangrud of Norway in the homestretch and won the 5,000-meter race. Another American, Ed Murphy, won the silver medal for second. American athletes had picked up as many points by the end of the first day as they had gained in the entire 1924 games.

Jack Shea could not join in the victory party

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

STEDMAN PHOTO

New Yorker Irving Jaffee (left) had once delivered newspapers to his Bronx customers on roller skates. Substituting blades for wheels, he won his first ice-skating races in the "Silver Skates" events sponsored by the New York *Daily News*. Like Shea, Jaffee was given little chance against the Scandinavians when he lined up for the 5000-meter race soon after Shea's 500-meter triumph. Skating through a blizzard which started as the race began, Jaffee and the other seven finalists alternated in the lead through most of the race. In fifth place with a lap and a half to go, Jaffee sprinted for the pole and duelled teammate Ed Murphy down the stretch, winning by a whisker over Murphy and bronze medallist Bill Logan of Canada (above). Jaffee's second gold medal, in the 10,000-meter event, followed an acrimonious controversy over the "pack" racing method that the U.S. Olympic Committee had chosen; the Europeans preferred the two-man contests against the clock which were later adopted internationally. Leading all the way, Jaffee sprawled on the ice and slid for 20 yards after winning the 10,000 over Norway's Ivar Ballangrud and Frank Stack of Canada (following page). Jaffee's gold medals became a casualty of the Depression when he was forced to pawn them.

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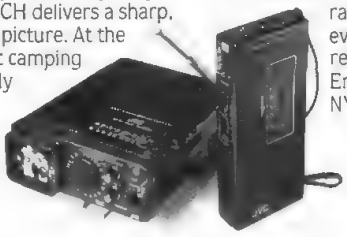

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at his family's comfortable home on Mirror Lake that night. He accepted the congratulations of his Dartmouth classmates who were bunking there during the games and went to bed early; he had another race, the 1,500-meters, the next day.

The European skaters were outspokenly critical of the "pack" format employed in the skating events at the 1932 games. They were accustomed to racing in pairs, against the clock, rather than jostling for position and adjusting their speed to the competition. Never again would the North American "pack" rules be used in the Winter Olympics. But for all their grumbling the Europeans were gracious in acknowledging Shea's supremacy—demonstrated conclusively when he won the 1,500 by eight yards. "He is a marvelous skater," one Norwegian conceded, adding

SHEILA YOUNG

Sheila Young could go fast on anything. A three-medal winner in speed skating at the 1976 Olympics at Innsbruck, she was also a two-time world sprint champion in cycling. Put her on a bulldozer, a pogo stick or a log raft and she would no doubt be gunning for the world record within six months. She was strong, disciplined, and intensely competitive.

Her skating style combined grit and early footwork. She is gutsy and simply explodes off the starting line, her Dutch-born coach Peter Schotting bragged before the Innsbruck games. There's nobody who can beat her over the first 200 meters. She is preferred to skate without socks, for a better rapport between her feet and the steel blades. She won her gold in the 500-meter race, following it up with a silver in the 1,500 meters and a bronze in the 1,000, no other American athlete has ever won three medals in a winter Olympics.

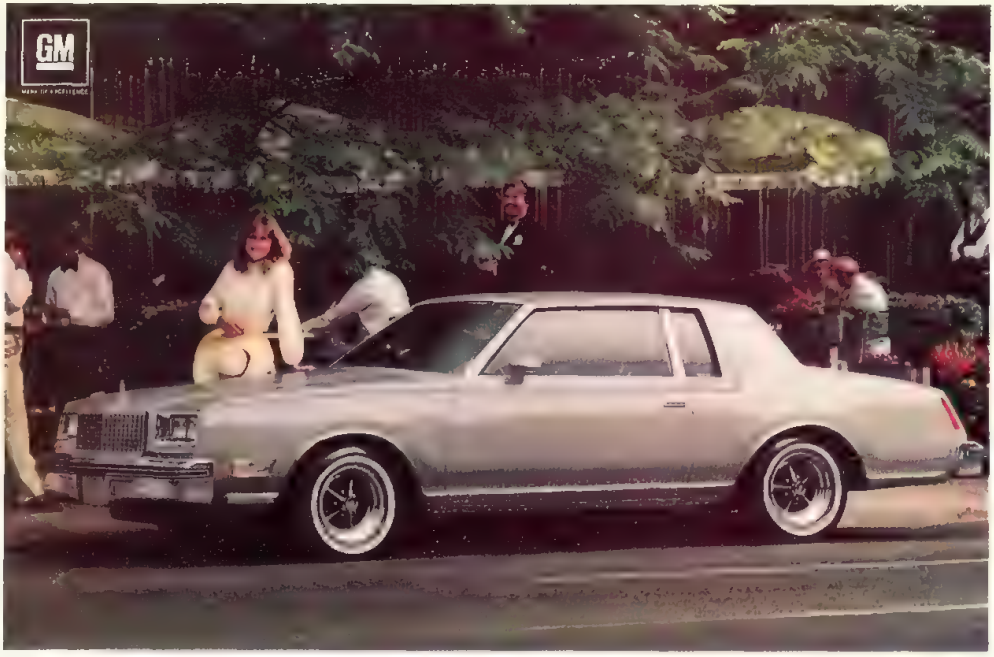
Born into a family of champion cyclists and avid speed skaters in Birmingham, Michigan, Sheila had no trouble deciding what her athletic specialty would be: she chose both. As a girl she learned skating rhythm by dancing with her father in her racing skates, but she acquired her toughness naturally. At the 1973 world cycling championships she appeared to be eliminated when she crashed in her first heat. She was rushed to the hospital, where a surgeon affixed a surgical clamp to an ugly gash on her scalp, then promptly sped back to the arena—where she won in straight heats. To prepare for the 1976 Olympics she took a small apartment near the refrigerated speed skating rink at West Allis, Wisconsin, and subsisted on a diet of practice and canned soup.

Soon after the 1976 games Sheila married Jim Ochowicz, a world class cyclist, and took a job with the 1980 Olympic Organizing Committee. They live with their daughter Katie in Lake Placid.

that as a sprinter Shea ranked with the Finnish great Clas Thunberg, winner of four gold medals in the first two winter games.

For Shea the 1,500 was anticlimactic. "It was just another race," he told a reporter. "The first one was the one I wanted most." The hometown fans, however, made no such distinction: they rushed onto the ice after his second victory and excitedly thumped his back. "There was a great deal of enthusiasm," Shea recalls with a smile. Three days later Jaffee completed a stunning and completely unexpected American sweep of the speed skating events—women would not be permitted to compete until 1960—by coasting to victory in the 10,000 meters.

Lake Placid's always-vigorous social life operated on several planes during the game. The



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most cherished invitations in town, of course, came from the Lake Placid Club, the scene of a dinner and reception for Gov. Roosevelt and an elaborate tea a few days later. There were also the conventional club doings, private parties and sleigh rides to "camps" (lodges) for roughing-it suppers of steaks and Adirondack flapjacks. The "Cellar A.C.," a thinly disguised speakeasy in the basement of the hotel housing most of the reporters, was at the lower end of the social spectrum. Prohibition-banned whiskey smuggled across the nearby Canadian border was dispensed at 50¢ a drink. Federal agents ignored the Cellar A.C. but seized a guest at the Lake Placid Club when a bottle of champagne dropped out of a paper bag he was toting.

The celebrities on hand included writers Damon Runyon and Westbrook Pegler and

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

UNITED STATES FIGURE SKATING ASSOCIATION

The dazzling Sonja Henie (preceding page), who had been winning figure skating titles since she was 12 (left), captivated spectators who paid up to $50 to see her win her second gold medal, easily outpointing runner-up Fritzi Burger of Austria and Maribel Vinson of the U.S. Miss Henie won her first Olympic gold medal at St. Moritz (lower left) in 1928. The French husband-and-wife team of Andrée and Pierre Brunet (below) narrowly edged Americans Beatrix Loughran and Sherwin Badger to defend their title in the pairs event.

STEDMAN PHOTO

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New York Mayor Jimmy Walker, remembered enviously by one senior resident as arriving "with a girl on each arm." The colorful Walker almost cost teen-aged secretary Mary Landon her job. Mary, who answered the phone at Olympic headquarters, had taken several calls from a local jester who liked to identify himself as President Hoover, Governor Roosevelt and other dignitaries. When a caller identified himself as Mayor Jimmy Walker and asked to speak to her boss she thought it was the same man. "Well, this is Greta Garbo," she replied saucily. "Will I do?" Walker, apparently not amused, complained to her boss about her flippancy.

The most glittering star in town was clearly Sonja Henie, who attracted admiring attention as easily as she glided to victory in the figure skating competition. Spectators waited out-

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

The triumph of Norwegian Birger Ruud (above) in the 90-meter ski jump came after a freakish warm spell had forced Olympic officials to haul snow to the jump hill from surrounding mountains. Ruud's teammate Hans Beck trailed by only one and one-tenth points to win the silver, while still another Norwegian, Kaare Wahlberg, finished third. The Norwegians matched this sweep with another in the Nordic Combined event, won by defending champion Johan Grottumsbraaten. Toting his outsized jumper's skis. Rudd (left) returned to the scene of his greatest conquest six years later.

side the arena for hours to see her flawless performances. "The applause was heard as she started," Arthur Daley of the New York *Times* wrote, "and it never ceased until she had finished." Off the ice Sonja was chaperoned by her parents, who irked the locals with their chilly protectiveness. The rumor was that her parents had scotched a budding romance between Sonja and a wealthy young bachelor by banishing the lovesick suitor to the Cellar A.C. Sonja was joined at the figure-skating summit by Karl Shafer of Austria, the mens' champion, and pairs victors Andrée and Pierre Brunet of France.

The premier event of the winter games at this time, before the introduction of downhill skiing competition, was the 90-meter jump. Scandinavians had dominated both the jump and the crosscountry events in the previous

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STEDMAN PHOTO

Bundled-up volunteers at the feeding station on the 50-kilometer cross-country course (above, left) dispensed fruit, bread, milk, gruel and other sustenance to the competitors. America's skiers (above, right) lagged far behind the dominant Norwegians, Finns and Swedes in the ski events. The U.S. and Canadian hockey teams (below) lined up for a picture before the overtime 2-1 victory which ultimately decided Canada's fourth straight Olympic gold medal in hockey. Germany and Poland, the only other competing nations, finished third and fourth.

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PEAKS OF PERFORMANCE: JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY'S RACING STYLE AND HIS TIMEPIECE, ROLEX EXPLORER II

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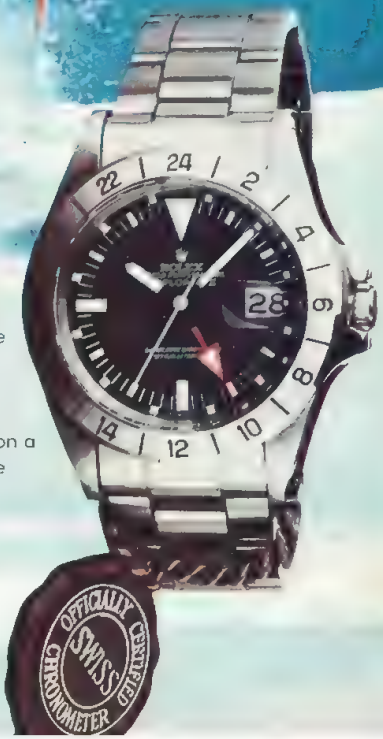

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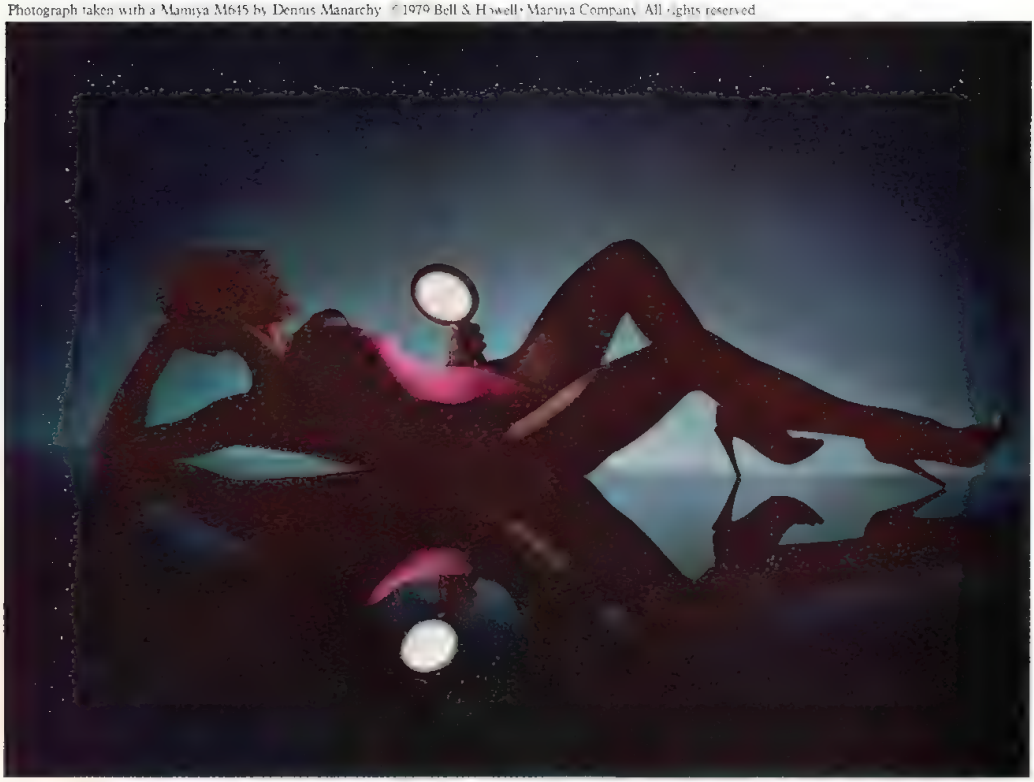
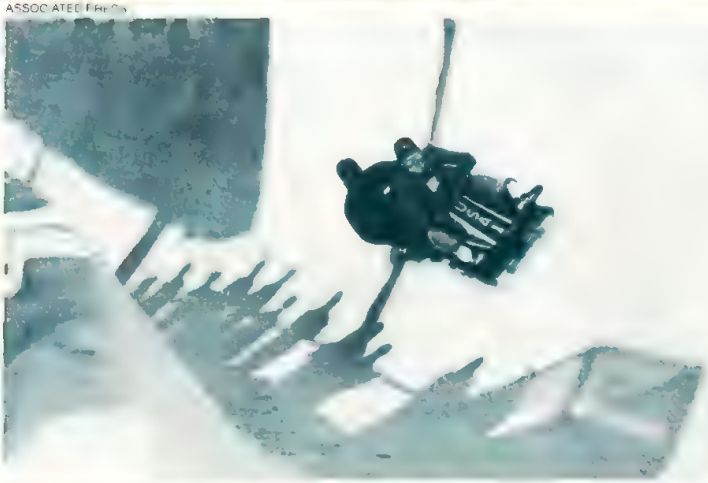


It would be a pity to use an M645 for ordinary photographs.

games, and the same pattern held in 1932. Eighteen-year-old Birger Ruud of Norway won the jump before 15,000 people, the largest crowd to attend any event at the games, at the Intervales jump site. The still-undependable Lake Placid weather—several days of cold and snow were followed by rain and 50-degree temperatures—forced officials to haul snow from nearby passes to give the jumpers something to ski on. Norway collected another gold medal when Johan Grottumsbraaten won the combined jump-crosscrountry event; Sven Utterstrom of Sweden and Finland's Veli Saarinen were the other crosscountry winners. The hockey title went to Canada.

It was altogether fitting that the honor of buttoning up the overall American point victory should fall to the U.S. two-man bobsled



FRANZ KLAMMER

It may well have been the most thrilling, most heart-stopping moment in the history of televised sports down the dangerously pitted and icy slope he thundered as 60,000 of his Austrian countrymen roared and millions stared at their screens. Franz Klammer was skiing the ultimate race of his brilliant career. The pressure to win was enormous and Klammer responded by skiing on the edge of desperate danger for almost the *entire course, soaring over jumps* and invariably regaining his balance scant seconds before he became airborne again—the Austrians called him the astronaut" because of his aerial acrobatics Klammer's run at Innsbruck in 1976 was one of the most courageous performances by any athlete anywhere, it won him the gold medal in the downhill and the gratitude of his country'

You have saved the games for us, Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky told him

Raised on a farm near the village of Mooswald not far from the Yugoslav border Klammer developed his daredevil downhill technique in the hours he could steal from pitchfork-and-shovel labor in the fields The work was still there even after his Olympic victory My father already has the pitchfork waiting, he told a questioner who asked where he was going after Innsbruck 'We have to spread the dung for the spring planting'

Klammer had no illusions about the risks of his style of skiing "Speed is a nice feeling and I enjoy it, he said, but you have to remember what a car looks like after it has slammed into a wall at 80 miles an hour His younger brother Klaus was paralyzed from the waist down after a horrible fall in a 1977 race and friends wondered whether this affected Klammer's nerve and confidence He denied it, but the fact was that the man who was probably the *best downhill skier ever had* dropped to 51st overall in World Cup standings by 1979 Klammer confessed his own bewilderment when he wondered aloud what I did before that made me fast and what I'm doing now that makes me so slow

team. The best of the American pairs on the bob were the brothers Hubert and Curtis Stevens—hometown, Lake Placid. Not only were the Stevens brothers from Lake Placid, they represented the town's patrician establishment, the furs-and-tweeds gentry who had played such a large part in bringing the Olympics to Lake Placid originally. The Stevens family wealth derived from the Stevens House, a handsome and rambling hotel perched on the hill between the town's two lakes. The Stevens House would not survive the Depression, and neither would the gentleman-athlete class that the brothers personified.

The sled races, which drew crowds almost as large as the throngs at the jump, came down to a furious duel between the Stevens sled and a team from Switzerland. Records eroded almost hourly as first one team and then the

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Bobsledding brothers Hubert and Curtis Stevens (preceding page), winners of the two-man bob race in world-record time, were members of Lake Placid's elite: their family owned the elegant Stevens House (left) on the village's highest hill. Led by driver Billy Fiske, the American four-man team (above) collected the last of the six U.S. gold medals and a world championship trophy. Fiske's teammate Eddie Eagan (right of Fiske) is the only man to win gold medals in both the summer and winter games—he was the light heavyweight boxing titlist in 1920.

In a world where the race is swift and the victories go to but a very few, the richest reward is the companionship found along the way. Boeing, the company that has been getting people together for more than 60 years, salutes all the athletes who have worked so hard for personal achievement. And who have shared some of the greatest gifts of all – compassion, respect and friendship.

BOEING
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other roared down the perilous mile-and-a-half course at breakneck speed. The Stevenses won it with a final run of 1:57.68, two full seconds faster than their own one hour-old course record and less than two seconds better than the cumulative total of the Swiss sledders. The final U.S. gold medal, captured by the four-man bobsled team a day after the closing ceremony (slush on the run had caused the delay), was gravy. American skaters, sledders and skiers had performed a feat which no U.S. Winter Olympic team has ever come close to matching. And, best of all, they had done it at home.

Lake Placid's golden era began to flicker and fade within a few years after the 1932 games. The Depression was the villain, of course; too many people could no longer afford the summer-long idylls of the past.

MACROMEDIA INC

The largest crowds of the 1932 games—as many as 15,000 people—watched the ski jumpers perform at the Intervale hill (above). The dangerous bob run on Mt. Van Hoevenberg (next page, right), the site of several serious pre-Olympics accidents, was another favorite of the spectators. The Oylmpic arena (next page, top left) could accommodate 2,000 ticket-holders and the world's premier skaters, including figure skating gold medallist Karl Shafer of Austria (next page, bottom left). Gate receipts for the 12 days of competition were $93,400, less than half of the anticipated $225,000.

Guess who's going to the Olympics this year.

Hush Puppies Shoes

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"Families began to send their children to camp instead of coming here for the summer," a longtime resident recalls. "The parents stayed home." The great shingled hotels with their broad porches and meandering lawns were eventually forced to close and sell off their land while oldtimers lamented a parallel change in the town's human character. "I sometimes think the gentlemen have all gone," a belle of that earlier era says sadly.

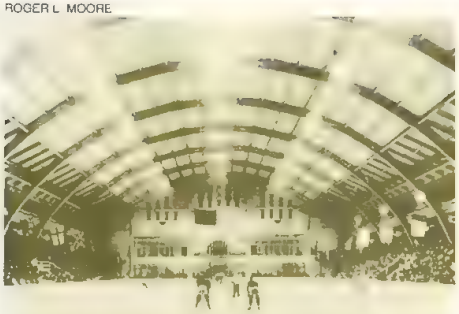
"Now we have, well, shopkeepers." The final symbolic fall was the transformation of the Lake Placid Club, that elegant fortress of privilege and exclusivity, into its present shaky incarnation as a public resort.

Winter sports in the United States, like Lake Placid, would never be the same after the games of 1932. The Olympics created a rush of enthusiasm for skiing and skating in America that would glide through the Depression years and later whoosh into a prolonged boom. No longer did the idea of a winter holiday automatically conjure up visions of palm trees on a southern beach; now it was just as likely to be snow-blanketed pines on a Vermont hillside. Depression or no, the first rudimentary *ski tows* began to appear on eastern slopes in the winter of *1932-33*. Winter sports gradually evolved from a diversion for a privileged minority into an exhilarating possibility for almost everyone. It was a gentle irony that a major contributor to this democratic explosion was the proudly aristocratic village of Lake Placid.

By Donald Dale Jackson

ARCHIVAL PHOTOS—COPYRIGHT 1976, MACROMEDIA, INC. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION FROM LAKE PLACID— THE OLYMPIC YEARS, 1932-1980

ROGER L. MOORE



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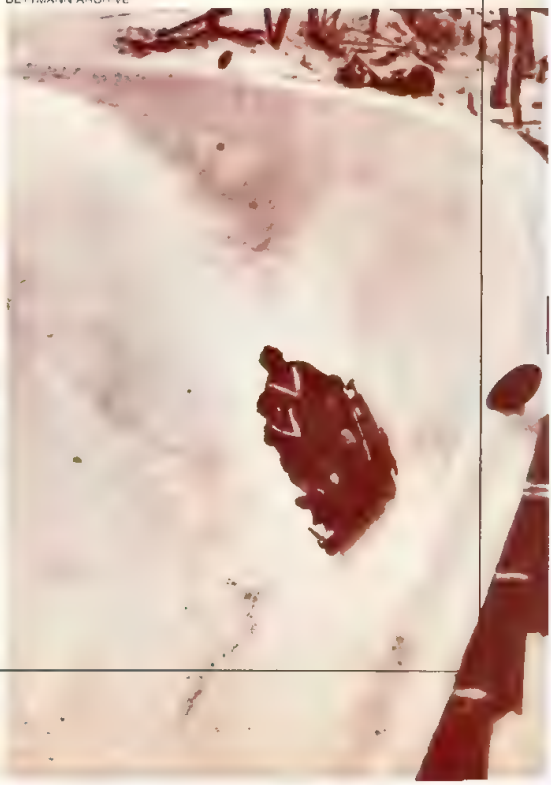

Only the best go to the Olympics.

Nothing in the world of competitive sport can match the Olympic challenge. It is a challenge that demands not only the best in human athletic achievement, but a determination that can be summoned up to overcome seemingly impossible obstacles. Yet with all the talent, skill and dreams the Olympic Games focus into crystal clarity for a brief instant, there can be only a few who wear the gold.

For Peggy Fleming and Jean-Claude Killy the intensity of their gold-medal-winning performances on the ice and the slopes passed through them for a few moments of heart-stopping action most of us never feel in a lifetime. But the memories of the day live for them forever. In photographs.

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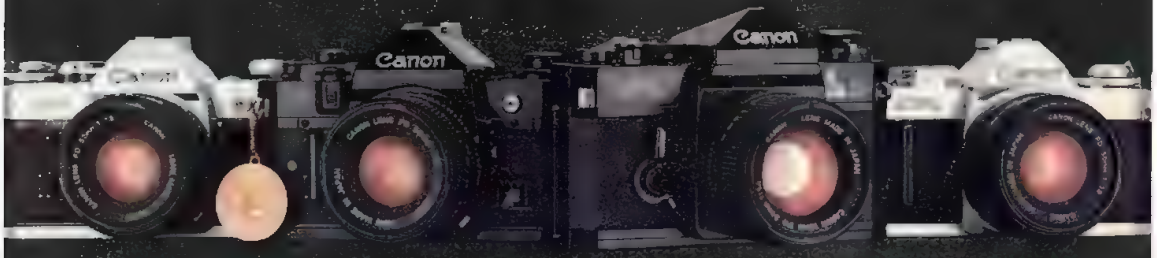

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tion the fact that the local school is probably still only second in the hearts of local fans. "Is this a Kentucky town or a Louisville town?" the *Courier-Journal* man said, repeating the question. "Just ask Digger Phelps." Phelps brings his Notre Dame team into Freedom Hall to play—and lose to—Kentucky every December, and 10,000 or so of those putative Louisville fans traditionally show up just to watch the 'Cats run through their morning-before-the-game practice.

Intrastate frustrations aside, Crum has always been a calm, easygoing sort with a California laid-backness that, critics say, extends to his teams and results in their bland, unemotional performances in the crunch. "I learned from Coach Wooden not to yell and scream at players," says Crum. "If you get the right kind of kids who want to win, they should push themselves."

But Crum admits he has been tougher on this season's team, owing to what the voluble Smith characterizes as "our amazing youngness." When veteran Bobby Turner failed to earn enough credits to remain eligible and then McCray got hurt, Louisville was left with only one starter from last year, the aforementioned Dunkenstein, otherwise known as Darrell Griffith. Thus, practices have been harder, the coach sterner, and the Cardinals have been making up for a lack of height and experience by pressing full court for 40 minutes of every game.

"This is a different type team than any of the others I've played on," says the 6′ 4″, high-jumping Griffith. "We're smarter, closer. There's more energy. We laugh more. These kids will not give up."

Brains and fundamentals—normally in short supply on Louisville squads—have been supplied by Smith, a "sleeper" recruit out of tiny Hogansville, Ga., and by McCray's replacement on the front line, 6′ 7″, 220-pound Rodney McCray, who, despite possessing what may be the most gigantic rear end in the sport, is affectionately known as Scooter's "little" brother.

When McCray, S., was injured at Tennessee, McCray, R., stepped in to lead all rebounders with seven in Louisville's 77–75 surprise win. Griffith scored 32 points against the Vols, while all Smith did was make seven of eight shots.

The 6′ 6″ Smith, lean and barely out of swaddling clothes—he started school at four and thus was only 16 upon entering college in the fall of 1978—has the range of an archer, and he has shot 62.5% over his 1½ seasons on the varsity. He will be a star. Partial to the "bald slicker treatment" down at Means' Barber Shop, Smith claims his shaved pate "lightens my top for better rebounding."

On the other hand—Brown's right one, to be specific—Louisville's other sophomore Georgia forward was more severely burdened when, as a child, his gangrenous right thumb had to be removed by surgery. Now, despite wearing an orthoplast mold of his left thumb and surgical glove to cover it during games, Brown is averaging 9.5 points and 4.6 rebounds a game, while communicating with Smith in pig Latin.

Smith-to-Brown on the "ob-lay" is a favored maneuver as is, of course, the "ack-bay oor-day," which the pair has pulled off several times with a verbal signal that has thoroughly puzzled the opposition as well as the Cards themselves. "I don't know what the hell they're talking about," says Griffith.

The fate of this funny, enthusiastic Louisville crew ultimately rests on Dunkenstein—or Dr. Dunk, or just plain Griff—as everybody has understood it would each year since the All-America moseyed down the road from nearby Male High School to be "the next David Thompson." If Griffith hasn't exactly accomplished that, he has led the Cardinals to three NCAA tournaments and is now enjoying his finest season, finally demonstrating some defense and working under control on offense, in lieu of his past spectacular dunking forays every time down the court.

How much Griffith means to Louisville was clear last week against Tulsa when he knocked off the school career scoring record and then left the game with three fouls in the first half. Immediately, the visiting Hurricanes outscored Louisville 13–2 to take a 33–28 lead before Griffith returned and, accompanied by long-shooting Poncho Wright, paced the home team to a 78–58 rout.

Against Kansas State last Saturday night, the Cardinals exhibited more versatility. While Griffith and Smith were suffering through a combined 4-for-14 shooting slump in the first half, Thumbelina Brown took over and in less than seven minutes scored nine points. Brown finished the period with 16 as Louisville took a 39–30 lead. Kansas State made a late-game run, but by that time Smith had broken loose for five baskets and Griffith for nine, some of them defying belief as well as gravity.

After his 27-point, six-assist, five-steal performance, Griffith insisted he was "conscious" all the way, but that he still couldn't understand pig Latin. "We finally got a sustained effort for a whole game," said Crum. "We can be as good as anybody. All we need is to be consistent and steady."

Or, as they say along the Louisville front line, "eddy-stay."

THE WEEK

(Dec. 30-Jan. 5)

by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST "Campbell was tremendous inside," said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith of Clemson's John (Moose) Campbell. "We expected him to get his dunks, but when he hit that 18-foot turnaround jumper I knew we were in trouble." Campbell, a 6′ 10″, 245-pound senior center who averaged a mere 5.6 points and 4.5 rebounds last season, became The Moose That Roared as he had 28 points and nine rebounds in the Tigers' 93–76 romp. Clemson then beat Georgia Tech 56–48 in another ACC game.

An 88–82 loss at Virginia left North Carolina 0–2 in the ACC for the first time since the league was formed in 1953. The Cavaliers' Ralph Sampson picked up two fouls before four minutes had been played but managed to keep from fouling out, finishing with 21 points, nine rebounds and three blocked shots. Jeff Lamp, who had 25 points for Virginia against the Tar Heels, had scored 21 during an earlier 64–59 victory over Wake Forest. The Cavaliers, playing without leading scorer Lee Raker, who was sidelined with a separated shoulder and a concussion, prevailed though they had just one field goal in the last 10½ minutes.

Duke brushed aside Colgate 73–44, forcing 30 turnovers while experimenting with a variety of defenses in preparation for the start of its ACC schedule this week. Gene Banks, who played 29 minutes, had 21 points, seven rebounds, six steals and three assists for the Blue Devils.

"It was a day I'll never forget," Drake Coach Bob Ortegel said. After his Bulldogs payed a visit to the White House and shook hands with President Carter, they left Ortegel's hands shaking when they barely beat Georgetown 79–77 in double overtime. Drake wiped out an eight-point Georgetown lead as Lewis Lloyd poured in 12 of the Bulldogs' last 18 points in regulation time to knot the score. Lloyd ended up with 29 points.

Syracuse extended its home-court winning streak to 51 games by smothering Canisius

continued

and Seton Hall with a pressing defense. After Canisius took a 13–12 lead, the Orangemen resorted to their press, allowed only two second-half field goals and won 81–49. The press also numbed Seton Hall. Syracuse broke away from a 17–17 standoff and took its Big East opener 99–76 with Roosevelt Bouie getting 19 points, 15 rebounds and six blocked shots.

In another Big East matchup, Connecticut held a 34–33 halftime edge at St. John's, but the Redmen came out on top 83–73 as Bernard Rencher had 17 points and Wayne McCoy and Reggie Carter each scored 16.

1.DUKE(11–0)
2.ST. JOHN'S(9–1) 3.SYRACUSE(10–0)

MIDEAST It is not likely to become standard operating procedure, but at a glance one might suspect that SEC coaches have come up with a new approach to winning the big ones. Two weeks ago, Kentucky's Joe Hall suspended two key players before facing Notre Dame. Nonetheless, the Wildcats won. Last week, Tennessee's Don DeVoe handed out suspensions to two stars, Reggie Johnson and Chuck Threeths, for missing curfew after a 66–65 triumph at Mississippi. The result: the Vols upset Kentucky 49–47. Using a relentless man-to-man defense, Tennessee held the Wildcat guards to a total of 12 points and won when Howard Wood hit a baseline shot with two seconds left. The surprising Vols are now first in the SEC with a 4–0 record. Three days before, it was Kentucky that won with a late basket, Kyle Macy wrapping up a 21-point performance with a 25-foot shot at the buzzer to beat Auburn 67–65.

Vanderbilt also used a tight man-to-man to stun Louisiana State at Nashville for the second year in a row. Rudy Macklin scored 30 points for LSU, but Mike Rhodes picked up the Commodore attack, scoring 19 of his 29 in the last 20 minutes of Vandy's 77–66 victory.

On Saturday the Commodores lost to Georgia 88–66, and LSU crushed Mississippi State 80–58. Macklin's 10 rebounds, 12-for-12 shooting and 25 points paced the Tigers.

"I shoot to get hot and I shoot to stay hot," said Wisconsin Guard Wesley Matthews. "When I put that one up, it was all bottom-of-the-net." The shot Matthews was describing was a 20-footer with 47 seconds to go, and he put it up despite having gone 4 for 13 to that point in the Badgers' game against Indiana. When Matthews' shot hit bottom, so did the Hoosiers, 52–50. Wisconsin also defeated Northwestern 75–66.

Ohio State was off to a 2–0 Big Ten start, after rallying to beat Indiana 59–58 and Purdue 67–58. Buckeye freshman Clark Kellogg topped off a 14-point effort by sinking two free throws with seven seconds left to defeat the Hoosiers. The Boilermakers led Ohio State 45–37 with 13:11 to go and then collapsed. Joe Barry Carroll had 21 points for Purdue, but was held to just three rebounds, and neither he nor his teammates could stop Herb Williams of Ohio State as he tossed in 10 points in the final 12 minutes.

Perhaps because Earvin Johnson, who led Michigan State to the NCAA title last March, was on the bench in East Lansing when the Spartans took on Purdue, State nearly pulled off some magic, whittling a 74–65 deficit down to 74–73 before Carroll stopped the rally with some sleight of hand. When Terry Donnelly of the Spartans took a shot with three seconds left, Carroll leaped and with the merest flick of his wrist deflected the ball. Carroll also had 25 points and 11 rebounds.

Michigan won twice at home, beating Minnesota 71–67 and handing Iowa its first loss, 68–65. Vince Brookins of Iowa matched the 25 points scored by Mike McGee of Michigan, but the Hawkeyes had no one who could duplicate the performances of Center Paul Heuerman and Guard Marty Bodnar. Heuerman had 12 points and 11 rebounds, while Bodnar pumped in 10 of his 14 points in the second half to rally Michigan, which had trailed 39–34 at halftime.

Despite fouling out with 14 minutes left, DePaul's Mark Aguirre scored 22 points against Loyola of Chicago. That left most of the offense up to Terry Cummings and Clyde Bradshaw, who each scored 15 points as the Blue Demons won 80–75 for their seventh triumph by seven points or fewer.

1.OHIO STATE(9–1)
2.DePAUL(10–0) 3.KENTUCKY(12–2)

WEST With 13:40 left and UCLA in front 49–41, Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller called a time-out. "He told us to use more pressure," Guard Ray Blume said later. "It was show-or-tell time, and I decided to show." So did reserve Forward Jeff Stoutt. In the remaining minutes, Blume scored 15 points and Stoutt 17. Thus, though the Bruins outshot State .604 to .446 and held the Beavers' top scorer, Steve Johnson, to two points, they lost 76–67. UCLA hurt itself by committing 27 turnovers and missing 10 of 19 foul shots. Johnson redeemed himself with 33 points as Oregon State whipped USC 82–68, and UCLA regrouped to beat Oregon 76–62.

The word is out in the Big Sky that there's no use trying to run with Weber State. Both Boise State and Idaho slowed the tempo against the Wildcats, and both lost —but only after taking Weber into overtime. Boise State fell 66–62, and Idaho was beaten 42–41.

In WAC road games, Brigham Young defeated New Mexico 75–63, despite Lobo Kenny Page's 32 points, and edged UTEP 70–69 after Danny Ainge hit a free throw with 27 seconds to go.

1.OREGON STATE(13–1)
2.UCLA(8–3) 3.BRIGHAM YOUNG(11–3)

MIDWEST DePaul Coach Ray Meyer thought it would be a good idea to arrive at Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium a day early so his team could get in a good workout. Only one thing went wrong with his plan: somebody forgot to bring the basketballs. So the Blue Demons rolled up Forward Terry Cummings' hat and used it in an impromptu practice. The following night, it was hats off to Mark Aguirre, who scored 34 points, pulled down 11 rebounds and enabled DePaul to win a battle of unbeatens by defeating Missouri 92–79. Next time out, Missouri led Lamar by only four points at halftime, prompting Coach Norm Stewart to lecture his squad about the need to be patient against the Cardinals' zone. Patience paid off; Missouri won 71–60.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM McCLOSKEY: The 6′ 7″ junior forward had a team-record 49 points—12 in overtime—as Loyola Marymount beat St. Mary's 104–100 and scored 29 more during a 108–94 victory over Santa Clara in WCAC action.

Another coach who got his message across was Eddie Sutton of Arkansas. "I spent three days talking to the squad about the team play, about how each spoke fits into the wheel," Sutton explained. Two spokes who helped the Razorbacks roll against Southern Methodist were Alan Zahn and Scott Hastings, both of whom hit frequent layups to force the Mustangs out of their zone. Zahn finished with 24 points and 11 rebounds, while the 6′ 10″ Hastings, an erstwhile forward, nailed down the starting job at center with 23 points and 13 rebounds as Arkansas took its Southwest Conference opener 84–69.

"I figured I had to start getting more aggressive," said Florida State's Elvis Rolle, who scored 30 points before fouling out during the Seminoles' 108–97 conquest of Tulane. Florida State won a second Metro Conference game, 75–73 at St. Louis, with Rolle getting 16 points and 11 rebounds, Murray Brown 21 points and 10 rebounds and Tony Jackson dishing out 11 assists. Breaking the 19th and final tie of the game, however, was Bobby Parks, who celebrated his 21st birthday with 16 points, 7-for-7 shooting and a decisive jumper at the buzzer.

Memphis State, which had struggled to take early-season games from the likes of Arkansas State and Murray State, continued its rapid improvement by beating Southwestern Louisiana 70–64 and upsetting Virginia Tech 70–69 in overtime in a Metro road game. The Tigers outrebounded Tech 43–29 and got 18 points from Hank McDowell, the last two on a 22-foot jumper as time ran out.

1.MISSOURI(11–1)
2.LOUISVILLE(10–2) 3.DRAKE(9–1)

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The chairman of the bar.

Those oldies but goodies

At the Ali meet, while U.S. sprinters winged into the Olympic year, other notables were coming off the pariah list

The crowd at the Long Beach Sports Arena was still settling into its seats last Saturday night when the first world indoor record fell, and from that moment on a true fan was hard pressed to find time to duck out for a box of popcorn. Before the Muhammad Ali Invitational ended, with Dwight Stones' coming-out party in the high jump, there were two more world marks, two American bests and two additional heartwarming comebacks for Olympians.

Houston McTear, who is only 22 but has been a world-class sprinter for five years, got things rolling with a 6.53 in the second heat of the 60-meter dash. McTear shot out of the blocks as though catapulted, and his lead was clear by 20 meters. Even though he eased up through the last three meters, he still beat Steve Riddick by .06 and his own world indoor mark by .01.

Half an hour later Evelyn Ashford, the star sprinter of last year's Pan Am Games and World Cup, won the women's 60-meter dash by about as wide a margin as 60 meters allows—.29 of a second. With her time of 7.04 she broke the world indoor record set by Marlies Göhr of East Germany in 1978 by .08.

Then it was McTear's turn again, in the extraordinary final of the 60. After two false starts, neither of them his, McTear exploded off and into the lead again. This time Harvey Glance, who won the other heat, began to move on McTear after 30 meters. Though Glance could not catch him, he pressed McTear all the way to the tape. In doing so he pushed McTear to another world record—6.38 this time—and pulled everyone else in the eight-man field to times under 6.60. Astonishingly, six of the eight fastest indoor times in the history of the 60-meter dash had been run in this one race.

Hilton Nicholson, a native of Trinidad and former runner who now coaches McTear and the other members of the Muhammad Ali Amateur Track Club in

continued

Evelyn Ashford and Houston McTear (below) set world records in their respective 60-meter dashes, while John Smith (left) came back from limbo with a highly gratifying win in the 400

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Former professional Rod Milburn (left) may make life tough for Renaldo Nehemiah when they meet

Santa Monica, wasn't as jubilant as might have been expected. "I thought it was very good," said Nicholson. "But it's nothing to what Houston *can* do. I think he can go 5.9." Does McTear agree? "Yes, I do."

In 1977 McTear was ranked No. 2 in the world at 100 meters by *Track & Field News*, but he has a history of hamstring pulls in his right leg that have beset him during the outdoor seasons. Under Nicholson, however, he has been relatively hale. Last summer McTear, Nicholson and four other Ali Club athletes competed in Europe. Instead of working out between meets, McTear wore weights wherever he went. "He walked all over Europe with weights on his legs," says Nicholson. "That was his practice."

Although all athletes worry about sustaining injuries and "peaking" too early, few can afford to skip the indoor season in an Olympic year. However, Renaldo Nehemiah, the University of Maryland junior who has the four fastest 110-meter hurdle times in history and who set five world records during the 1979 indoor season, skipped the Ali meet as he has resolved to be more selective in his indoor schedule. In Nehemiah's absence the 60-meter hurdles were won by Kerry Bethel of Fairleigh Dickinson in 7.67, but not before 29-year-old Rod Milburn, the 1972 gold-medalist at Munich, now back from the competitive limbo into which the failure of the professional track circuit cast him, had given the crowd something to cheer about.

Milburn and about 75 other former International Track Association athletes are allowed to compete against amateurs, albeit only in domestic meets, because of a recent rule clarification by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. The Ali meet was the first public appearance for Milburn and for former 440-yard world-record holder John Smith, and they were welcomed back as heroes. When Milburn jumped the gun at the start, the crowd even applauded his overeagerness. Milburn actually took the lead at the second hurdle, but his competitive edge was too dulled to hold it. "I was surprised and overjoyed to see my lead after three hurdles and I pressed too hard at the fifth," said Milburn.

Smith, also 29, was possibly the happiest man in Southern California following the 400. After three years of frustration, of "sitting in the stands watching guys winning the 400 in 46 flat, 45 flat outdoors," of talking into the deaf ears of the governing bodies of track and field, Smith was not only a runner again, but he was also a winner. His time was 47.20, which was just .01 off the Ali meet record—after only one month of high-quality work.

Smith was with a friend when he received word of his eligibility. "I couldn't cry," he says. "I'm too macho for that. So we laughed all night." Of the three wasted years since the ITA folded, Smith said, "No need being bitter. I'll save that to use when I'm doing the last 200 in a workout. Vengeance is not mine. It's the man's upstairs."

Craig Masback was another runner who felt that he had turned a corner in his career. Masback, who finished third in Sebastian Coe's record-setting mile in Oslo last summer, is a cum laude political-science graduate of Princeton and has been pursuing a doctorate at Oxford. He spent the last year there but is now taking a sabbatical to pursue athletic laurels. "Every race is an experiment this year," he said after winning the 1,500 in a dawdling 3:45.8 in Long Beach. Attempting what for him was a new strategy, Masback made his move with four laps remaining. "I put the motors on and then waited for everyone to come up, which they did with 1½ laps to go." With 100 meters left, Sydney Maree of South Africa kicked past James Munyala and Wilson Waigwa, but he fell short of overtaking Masback. "Jumping off into the unknown with four laps to go is really something," said Masback. "I haven't won a race in a long time. It feels good."

For the second year in a row the Philadelphia Pioneers' 4 x 400 relay team won in American-record time (3:06.2, the second-best ever), but in neither year has the record counted because of the presence of Trinidad's Mike Solomon on the team. On both occasions the second-place team has also broken the American mark. This year it was USC, in 3:06.3.

From beginning to end, the 3,000 was the property of Steve Scott, the 23-year-old Californian who ran a 3:51.2 mile, finishing second to Coe at Oslo. Scott took the lead at the start and had no challengers past the 1,500-meter mark. His time was 7:45.2, an American record that broke the one set at San Diego in 1974 by the late Steve Prefontaine.

And what of the return to amateur competition of Dwight Stones? Against all odds, the AAU had decided to forgive the high jumper for being ahead of his time when he chose not to turn over his $33,633 in winnings from *The Superstars* competition. To achieve this absolution

continued

after being a pariah for 17 months, Stones was required to return the money, withdraw his lawsuit against the AAU, the IAAF and the AAU's Southern Pacific Association, apologize (in an undisclosed written statement) for his disrespect and promise—on pain of having to pay the AAU's legal fees—never to break the rule again.

So far, like the former ITA athletes, Stones can compete only in domestic meets, *i.e.*, meets in which no foreigners, other than legal residents and students, are supposed to compete. In March, however, when the IAAF council next meets, Stones expects to be reinstated for international competition.

The return of Stones to competition is fascinating not only because of his flamboyance but also because his return marks the rebirth of that mutually stimulating rivalry between the 6′ 5″ Stones and the 5′ 8″ Franklin Jacobs. "There will be more prestige in the high jump this year," said Jacobs. "Last year I was No. 1 but I was winning meets at seven-two and seven-three. I had no incentive. Dwight is a motivator. He motivates the field. He talks a lot and he's arrogant, but in a positive way."

Indeed. Stones' mere presence at Long Beach inspired Jacobs to a winning 7′ 5½″ leap that broke the meet record of 7′ 4″ set by Greg Joy in 1978. Stones cleared 7′ 4¼″ elegantly on his first attempt, but thereafter he failed once at 7′ 5½″ and twice at 7′ 6¼″. "I jumped exactly what I wanted to jump," said Stones. "I just need a few more meets under my belt to get back in the groove. If I'd jumped seven-three I'd really be upset. But this is the best opener indoors I've ever had."

. . . something Ali himself clearly was out of

Dwight Stones showed that he's still in shape.

Stones does his training on the track at Long Beach State, not far from his waterfront home, and at Ambassador College, a wealthy church school with a well-equipped health club in Pasadena, 45 miles away. Stones drives all that way two or three times a week because, he claims, Ambassador is the best jumping facility in the country. The fact that triple jumper James Butts, long jumper Henry Hines and pole vaulter Dan Ripley have also trained there gives credence to Stones' claim. But another attraction at Ambassador is Harry Sneider, a weightlifter turned coach who runs the health club and has a special understanding of and appreciation for "complex" personalities. He was, for several testing years, the trainer and confidant of Bobby Fischer, the chess genius and card-carrying eccentric.

Sneider is the central figure in a consortium of advisers to Stones that Sneider refers to as "the mastermind group." It includes a Pasadena chiropractor, an Atlanta exercise physiologist, a Long Beach track coach, a Romanian who specializes in antagonistic muscle groups, a sprint coach from San Jose and Stones' high school coach from Glendale. "There are a lot of people pushing Dwight over the bar," says Sneider.

Sneider and Stones met in the summer of 1975. "He was complaining of a bad back at that time," says Sneider. "I saw this gimpy, skinny body and asked if he'd ever lifted." After the Montreal Olympics in which he won a bronze medal, Dwight started working with Sneider. In three months the 180-pound Stones could do 550-pound quarter squats. Now he is up to 710. He can clean and jerk 230 twice and do 315-pound step-ups. He claims he can swim 100 yards in 56 flat and run 100 yards in 10.3.

All of which did Stones little good until Ron Stanko, a track promoter and lawyer from Reading, Pa., suggested that he was approaching life and the AAU in the wrong way. "I had pretty much decided to stick by my guns, to suck it up and be the martyr and all that stuff and maybe eventually win it down the line," says Stones of his efforts to force the AAU to let him compete again.

"Stanko told me I was a jerk to keep this fight up, that there was no way I was going to win this thing inside four years, and so forth."

Besides, Stones missed the sport. Furthermore, American high jumpers were "stinking up the place," he says. "In the U.S. the best jump we had last year outdoors was 7′ 5½″."

The appeal to the AAU took months. Eventually Stones, Stanko and middle-distance runner Francie Larrieu—an old pal who had been suspended at the same time and for the same reasons as Stones but had been reinstated—traveled to Las Vegas to testify at a board meeting of the AAU. There the appeal was decided in Stones' favor.

The interpretation of the rules governing amateurs has been liberalized considerably since Stones' suspension in June 1978, and he takes it personally. "Once I was out of the sport they said, 'O.K., now that we've shut him up, we'll change the rules and make him feel like a *real* jerk, like the Curt Flood of track and field. . . .' I tried to jam through a new area where we could make money and I got stung. I got nailed. But I didn't try to do it subversively. I did it right up front."

For better or worse, everything Stones does is up front. The thing he does best is high jump, and it is good to have him back. **END**

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

LEAVE THE CB AT THE DOOR, GOOD BUDDY

The first thing one notices when entering the grounds of Teletrack in New Haven, Conn. is a series of signs, affixed to the parking-lot tollbooths, declaring that CB radios are taboo. Thus the most expensive system of live closed-circuit television in this country, a betting facility heralded as "the world's first theater of racing," has effectively barred from a quasi-public facility a huge segment of today's society for crimes not only uncommitted but generally unimagined as well.

"Y'all cain't come in here, good buddy."

"Who say?"

"Teletrack say."

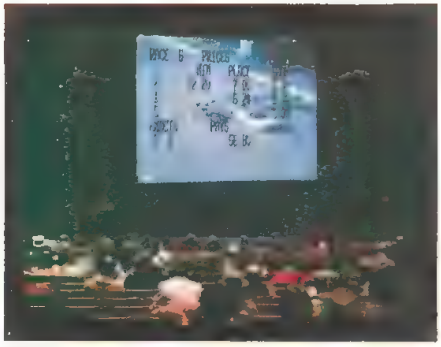
Built at a cost of $8 million and opened last October, the Teletrack complex is housed in a triple-tiered, drum-shaped building that has a seating capacity of 2,300, a dining room with an $8 minimum, concession stands selling Super Hot Dogs for $1.45, 40 betting windows and parking space for 850 cars. Utilizing microwave transmissions, Teletrack shows the complete thoroughbred racing card live from New York's Aqueduct track five afternoons a week, as well as the trotters and pacers from Yonkers Raceway six evenings a week, on a 24′-by-32′ Hurley Superglow screen and dozens of 17″ TV sets. On the seventh day Teletrack rests.

When Teletrack commenced operations it drew flattering reviews from politicians, self-serving racetrack operators and off-track gambling officials, all cooing in chorus that it was "the future of racing." They consider it as a device for generating tax dollars in state after state. Others, however, view the advent of studio racing as the start of an ominous trend in the sport.

Teletrack is actually the prototype of a series of such buildings which, considering the woeful lack of leadership in racing and the weaknesses of the Federal Communications Commission, could, if unchecked, proliferate across the country. There is already talk of building a New York facility only 20 miles from Belmont Park, and rumors are rampant of similar plans in some parts of Florida. Connecticut—a state without racetracks, but with several jai-alai frontons—has four more proposed studio-racing sites.

Teletrack was built by General Instrument Corporation, one of the world's largest suppliers and manufacturers of cable television systems. It is also the parent company of Amtote, which provides two-thirds of the hardware for this country's $18 billion legal gaming operations. Even though this is a dreary time of the year for racing in the East, Teletrack has already had some daily handles of nearly $500,000.

The races programmed into Connecticut produce varying rights fees for various parties from the 17-cent bite taken, on the average, from every betting dollar. The distribution of that 17 cents seems outrageous. Under a contract signed in 1974 by General Instrument, the New York Racing Association and Connecticut, General Instrument receives 5.8 cents, Connecticut 7.6, New York State 1.1 and the New York Racing Association 1.9. Owners, trainers and jockeys—who, respectively, spend billions buying and breeding horses, work punishing hours breaking and training them, and put their lives on the line in perilous weather—receive nothing. Zilch.



TELETRACK: THE START OF WHAT COULD BE SOMETHING BAD

It costs $4.20 to enter Teletrack's clubhouse and $2.40 for a seat in the grandstand. A patron not only sees the races live, but also watches post parades and gets two replays of each race. This is far less than one gets from the in-house TV sets at the tracks themselves, where taped interviews and notable races from the past are often shown as a matter of course. Clubhouse and grandstand prices at Aqueduct are $3.50 and $2; at Yonkers $3.25 and $2.

Teletrack occasionally throws something up on the screen to help the bettor pass time between trips to the windows, but only occasionally, and this material is of such small impact that one yawns. My favorite is a film called *The Thoroughbreds*, in which horses run around a racetrack with no voice-over, so the patron doesn't know the names of the horses, where the race was run or who the jockeys are.

The most glaring omission from Teletrack's "coverage" of the races is that the odds boards at Aqueduct and Yonkers are never shown to the bettors in New Haven. The reason is that the betting pools are completely different, with the payoffs in Connecticut based solely on the amount of money bet at the Teletrack windows in that state.

That is also the reason why CBs are taboo; General Instrument and the state of Connecticut fear that people will transmit odds variants between the two tracks and make a killing. Recently a winning $2 Triple ticket at Aqueduct paid $4,181; at Teletrack the same $2 Triple was worth $5,015.80, good buddy.

With politicians looking for tax dollars, one can foresee the day when there will be Teletracks in many states, the races probably emanating from New York, California and Florida, the big wheels of racing. What happens to the hundreds of other little tracks throughout the country, the small-time owners, the trainers, the jockeys learning their trades? Bang the drum slowly. END

A RANGE OF

DIVERSITY

Trailing, or tracking animals by their signs, is unrivaled in Arizona's Huachuca Mountains, which contain an astonishing variety of habitats

by BIL GILBERT

CONTINUED

I grew up in a family of hunters, trappers, poachers, outdoorsmen, agricultural workers and vocational and avocational naturalists, among whom reading animal sign was as common as reading racing forms may be in other clans. Even today, the pastime of trailing—the finding, following and interpreting of tracks and other signs that animals leave behind—remains a favorite of mine.

Trailing is not a particularly uncommon interest, even though it is seldom given a formal name, and no clubs, catalogues or industries have spun off from it. Trailing is something like throwing a ball. Some are more into it than others, but almost everyone has had some experience with it. I have yet to meet anyone who, upon accidentally discovering cottontail tracks on a suburban lawn or a muskrat run at the edge of a water hole on a golf course, is bored by the discovery. The deep-rooted appeal of trailing may lie in that it provides an outlet for our hunting instincts even though it does not necessarily involve the scragging of beasts.

Like any sport worthy of the name, trailing is physical to whatever degree one chooses. It can be no more exerting than playing golf; it can also be decidedly demanding. It is sensually stimulating. Eyes, ears and even noses must be alert. Mental processes, both inductive and deductive, are required, not only to find signs but also to try to figure out what they mean. Good trailing is something like reading a good mystery.

Some places are better than others for trailing, although one can get in a little practice almost anywhere. A few years ago when I was on my way to the Yukon to look for, among other things, wolves, I planned very badly and had to stay overnight in New York City. That night Baghdad-on-the-Subway and its airports were closed down by a few inches of snow, and the next morning, waiting for things to get moving again, I occupied my time by following stray alley cats along and behind buildings between Riverside Drive and Broadway. Because I like the Yukon valley better than West 80th Street, I found cat-trailing inferior to pursuing wolves, but it was nonetheless genuine trailing, and a better way to kill a morning than hanging around Zabar's.

I like trailing enough to have gone back to the Huachuca Mountains of southeastern Arizona half a dozen times to play at it. The Huachucas are one of a series of formations called "mountain islands" because of the way they rise precipitously out of the Sonoran Desert. They are disconnected ranges, with peaks up to almost 10,000 feet, that extend

The trail led to a javelina, bristling in defense of her young.

According to Sparks, the coatimundi is the "perfect animal."

from the U.S.-Mexico boundary 50 miles northward. Along with some lesser islets are four major massifs, the Huachucas, the Chiricahuas, the Santa Ritas and the Baboquivaris, which lie roughly parallel to one another, separated by wide, grassy valleys.

These ranges used to be hunting grounds and, in the time of Cochise and Geronimo, hideouts for Apaches, Yaquis and Papagos, although permanent tribal settlements were small and scarce. The mountains are still sparsely populated. Spruce and pine that grow near the summits were logged by homesteaders, and there has always been a little prospecting and mining for copper, gold, silver, zinc and other ores.

Virtually all the mountain land is now held by one federal agency or another, the principal one being the U.S. Forest Service, which grants leases to ranchers to run cattle through the highlands. This does not bar other uses of these leased public lands, and they are open for trail riding, hiking, hunting, camping, nature loving. Fortunately, either by design or lack of funds, the Forest Service has not done much to improve the mountain country for recreation. The roads into it are few and often impassable, and permanent facilities are meager. Because there has never been much pressure to make them otherwise, these ranges remain wilderness islands, standing above the golden-age retirement villages, the get-rich-with-pistachio-nuts ranchettes and the other Sunland real estate ventures that sprawl south across the desert from the Phoenix-Tucson urban conglomerate.

While other resources in the mountain islands may not be exceptional, the native flora and fauna are. In terms of diversity of species, this small, sharply defined highland area is unique in the U.S. and rivaled by only a few other locales in the world. The Huachuca range, which I know best by reason of having spent a year in it studying coatimundis, tropical members of the raccoon family, is only about 30 miles long and not 10 miles wide at its broadest point. Yet in these 200 or so square miles, ornithologists have identified breeding birds that represent 25% of *all* the species that reproduce anywhere in the continental U.S. There are golden eagles and coppery trogons, roadrunners and ravens, 14 species of hummingbirds and occasional parrots.

The same situation prevails with mammals, some 70 species of which—more than inhabit the entire state of Illinois—have been found on this single mountain range or in its immediate environs. For example, all three members of the raccoon clan found in the U.S. are residents of the Huachucas. The raccoon "proper" and the ring-tailed cat are widely distributed elsewhere, but the few hundred coatis—an animal of Central and South America—make up virtually all of the U.S. population of this species.

Wild hooved stock is represented by the whitetail and mule deer, the javelina or peccary and the antelope, and within living memory there were big-horned sheep. The grizzly has been shot and poisoned out, but black bear remain. The coyote, the gray fox and the kit fox are found regularly, and now and then a lobo drifts north from Mexico. Mountain lions and bobcats are resident. The jaguarundi, a slim, water-loving tropical cat, is a very occasional visitor. There are even rarer but verified reports of the jaguar and rumors of the ocelot. There are 16 species of bats, four of skunks, a similar number of rabbits—including both desert and eastern cottontails—three of squirrels, one each of badger, porcupine and opossum and a great array of shrews, rats and mice. Plant, insect and reptile communities are similarly cosmopolitan.

This remarkable variety reflects special environmental

continued

circumstances. The fundamental one is that in the U.S. there is no area so high so far south, and therefore many diverse climate zones are jammed together in a very small space. In deep arroyos at the foot of the mountains, conditions are subtropical. Above are desert, short grass prairie and oak, juniper, sycamore, walnut, pine and fir forests. At the top of the mountains are stands of aspen and alpine plant communities.

The peaks, rising so sharply from the desert, intercept weather systems and receive almost twice the precipitation that falls elsewhere in south and central Arizona. When it is bone dry in the rest of this arid country, there will be mists and showers on the highest ridges. Above 8,500 feet, snow persists from December into May.

Water dribbles out of springs, runs down the slopes, dampens the canyon bottoms and the valley grasslands and even collects in bits of bog. Everywhere the wetness combines with the elevation to further diversify the habitat. In a 10-mile walk across the Huachucas one encounters microenvironments that approximate nearly all the macroenvironments between Mexico and Canada.

Irascible, belligerent, the roadrunner can give a coyote a fight.

The extraordinary ecology encourages trailing, which I have enjoyed in many places but never as much as in the Huachucas. The best time to be there—the best time to trail anywhere—is winter. Snow cover or, at least, moist muddy ground makes a better surface for this sport than bare rock and hard, baked caliche. Last winter local operatives called me shortly after the first of the year to say that there was an unusual amount of snow, down to the 4,500-foot level, that the canyons were filled with water and that the ground was splendidly plastic. In response, as others headed toward Maui and Martinique for their midwinter R&R, I set off to the mountain islands for mine.

Montezuma Canyon is the southernmost major canyon in the Huachucas, and I make a beeline for it whenever I am in southern Arizona. In an ascending order of importance, the reasons for its attraction are:

- One of the few roads leading into the mountains suitable for such transport as a rented car goes toward Montezuma.
- An important part of my heart remains in this canyon. About 6,000 feet up, half a mile from the road, is an old stone cabin where three students and I lived for a year, studying a tribe of coatis then occupying Montezuma.
- Will and Deane Sparks and their brood of little Sparkses live there. They were our nearest neighbors during the coati year and remain our close friends.

I first met Will Sparks when he was remodeling a mining camp that had been in his family for generations. He is a large man who looks and acts remarkably like John Wayne when the Duke was in his prime. Will can strap on a pound of turquoise or a .45, sit or shoe a horse, play a soft guitar around a campfire or dance like a butterfly-bear to one, keep a bar in laughter with country stories or empty one in righteous indignation—all without pretense. There is not a bit of rhinestone about him. By birthright, experience and temperament he is a natural Western man; a compassionate conservative, a libertarian populist, a tender hardhead. Especially, he is a Huachuca mountain man, having roamed this island since his boyhood without ever having lost his admiration for or curiosity about it.

I had first visited the Sparkses' place when we were scouting the mountains, trying to find some evidence of coatis. Will and his brother-in-law Bob were knee-deep in mud, working on a well. I asked them if they knew anything about the animals. In the slow, choreographed Western manner that lends emphasis to words, Will put down his tools, leaned back against a rock, squinted and said, "Yes."

(We talked recently about that first meeting. "I figured you were a smart Yankee," Will said, "who was probably surprised a dumb redneck would know a chulo bear from a prairie dog." Chulo is the border name for the coati.)

Had they seen any chulos recently? Will did another slow study, with Wayne body English. "About 10 minutes ago, if you count that recent," he said.

For us, it was as if somebody had said yes, indeed, I saw a little fellow with a funny hat burying a pot at the end of that rainbow over yonder. The coati study had begun as a gamble. Though these mountains are one of the few places where they are ever found in this country, they are not always present. Tribes of the animals move north from Mexico, stay a while and then either return south or die out. When we started, the considered opinion of game wardens, forest rangers and field biologists was that the coati population in the Huachucas was very low or nonexistent. We were very lucky, having arrived at the beginning of an inexplicable up cycle. The animal hanging around the Sparkses' mine was a male, a member of a tribe of 25 coatis that we were to find later and live close to in the upper part of Montezuma Canyon. That morning all of this was unknown,

continued

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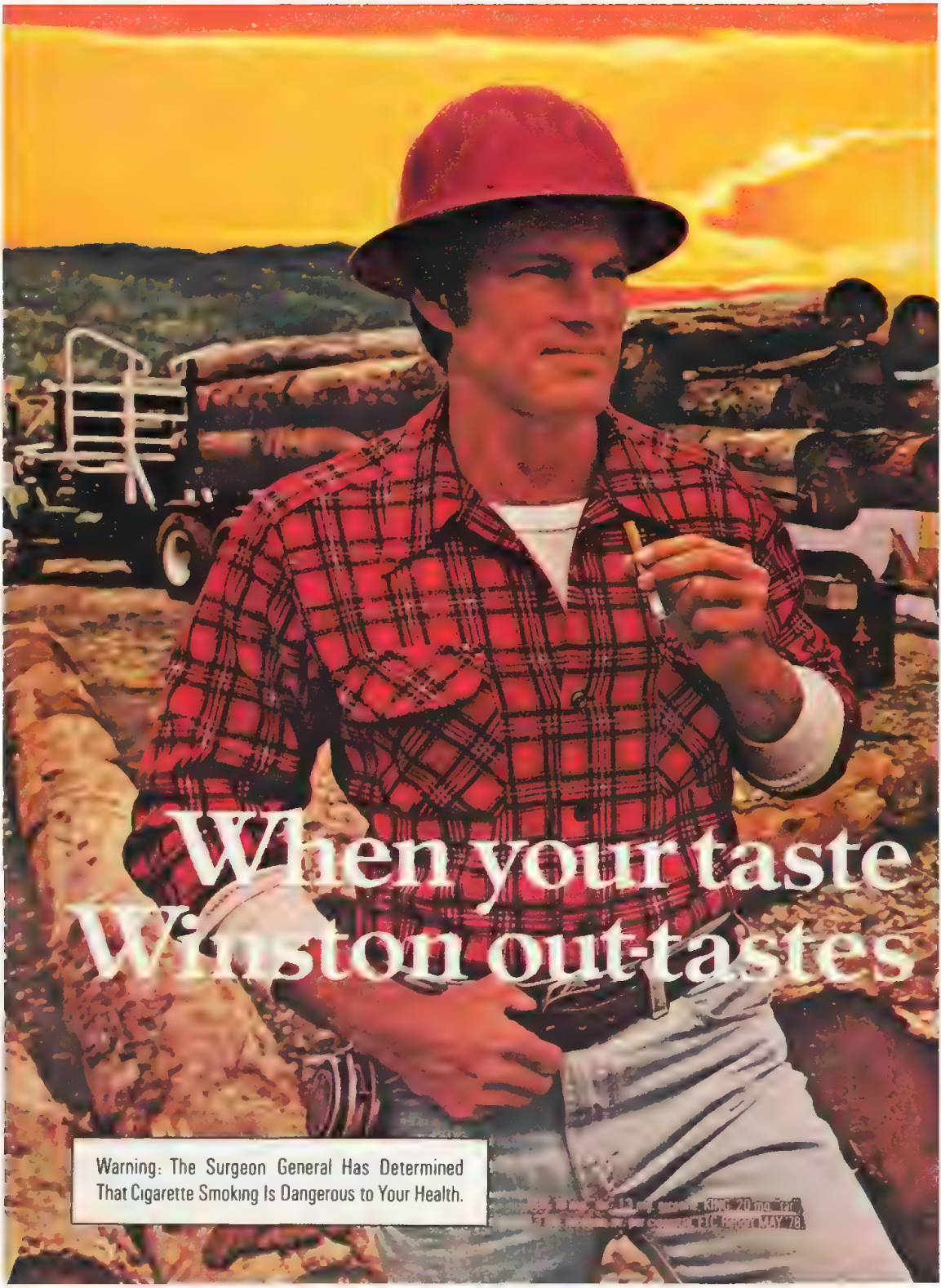
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but Will's report was the best one I had heard and I had a lot of questions that I began asking.

"Probably the best thing would be to go look at that rascal," Will said after I had carried on some. "He ought to still be there in a tree if," and he fixed his brother-in-law with a deadpan stare, "he isn't dead from eating those biscuits Bobby baked this morning."

The chulo was draped over the limb of a sycamore in a somnolent state. I gawked for a while and then spent the rest of the morning talking to Will, both of us making the surprising discovery that despite a lot of obvious differences we were very compatible. In the course of conversation, Will said that he thought chulos were the perfect animal: "They take good care of their little ones, and they don't bother anything that doesn't bother them. But if it comes to trouble there isn't anything in 700 miles that is going to have much luck tangling with a tribe. I've seen lions back off from chulos."

That opinion alone recommended Sparks as a sound man. Everything since has confirmed my first impression. In fact, so far as I know, he has only one serious character defect. He is what is known locally as a "workin' sumbitch," and it is hard to drag him off into idle pursuits of the sort that are my specialty. The mine (zinc) is no longer economically viable, and Will now owns an earth-moving and construction business. He operates under the theory that no job will be done exactly right unless he does it all himself. Because of this, he has a good business but one that usually occupies him 12 or 14 hours a day. Last winter, fortunately for me, Will decided God would probably not strike him dead if he took a day off and went trailing in the mountains.

"Good," his wife said. "I've never understood why you should go through all the grief of working for yourself if you can't do what you want when you want sometimes."

We took Will's best four-wheel-drive truck to see if we could get to Copper Glance, a canyon 10 miles to the north on the western side of the mountain. There are times in midwinter along this border when the weather compares favorably with anything any poet has seen in June or October anywhere. We hit one of those days. A storm front that had been dropping snow showers for the previous 48 hours had passed on to the northeast. It left behind skies so blue they seemed almost black in contrast to the few wisps of clouds that hung around the peaks. The air is usually dry and refreshing in this high country, but on a poststorm day it seems to crackle in the lungs. The sun was hot enough so that we could walk through the snow in shirt-sleeves. The snow, pure white and soft, was so dry and powdery that if you picked up a handful and squeezed it, it spurted out of the fist like fine flour or dust. A few inches of this delicate

continued

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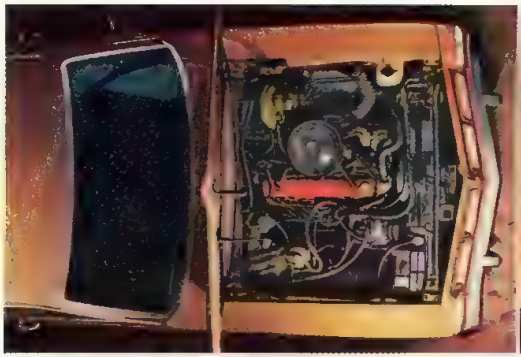

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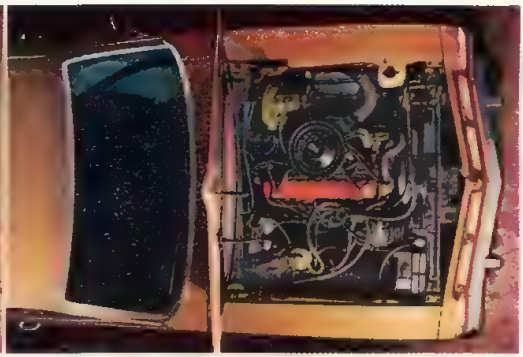

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precipitate lay on the ground above elevations of 5,000 feet.

The rutted road we were traveling is the only public one along the western beach of the mountain island. It overlooks the San Rafael valley, and there are 30-mile vistas south into Mexico and west to Santa Rita mountain. As we were slithering along we saw another truck coming toward us from the rolling grasslands below. "That's CR," Will said and stopped to wait. Especially in the winter, it is rare to meet anyone on the west side of the mountain, and people who are not strangers invariably stop to pass the time of day. CR was a bull rider on the professional rodeo circuit and is now foreman on a ranch in the San Rafael valley. In addition to saying howdy, CR was interested in a piece of six-inch steel pipe that Will had shaped and fixed to the truck as a rear bumper and tow bar.

"I really got to get me one of those. That is a slick job," CR said several times and then asked what we were up to. We said we were thinking about leaving the truck and walking up Copper Glance just to see what was happening there. CR was almost as astonished as if we had said we were going to try to swim to the top of the Huachucas. This is riding country. People used to ride horses across it, and now they mainly ride pickups and ORVs. Beyond what it takes to get to a corral or a garage, very little walking is done at all, and there is no tradition of walking for pleasure. When my student researchers and I first came to the mountains and began hiking around them looking for coatis, it raised doubts about our sanity and trustworthiness, because people on foot are apt to be illegal aliens, radicals, environmentalists or worse. After we established ourselves as harmless eccentrics, we received well-intentioned warnings that if we kept on walking we would probably be struck down by rattlesnakes, lions or heart attacks. In time, we earned a certain amount of respect, though no converts. We began getting inquiries about what things were like in odd corners of the island that people had seen from a distance for years but had never investigated because there was no way to ride into them.

CR queried us closely, shuffled and spit, took a deep breath and said, "You know, this is such a pretty day I'd almost like to get out and walk up there with you if my knees weren't so bad."

I had been in the Huachucas only two days this trip and had already heard two stories about CR's knees. Will's was the better. CR had banged them up badly while trying to ride bulls on the rodeo circuit. He had hurt them again wrestling with a cow on the ranch. In the old days he probably would have spent the rest of his life a half-cripple, as so many cowboys have for the same reason. However, the Eastern magnate for whom CR works is of a different culture, a man of different means. He arranged for CR to fly to Boston for a complicated restorative operation. According to Will, when CR checked into the airline counter in Tucson he was asked if he wanted a seat in the smoking or non-smoking section. "CR told them he didn't want either," Will said. "He wanted the chewing and spitting section. They said they didn't have a chewing section. He said that was all right, just put him by a window."

"It was one of those little fellows in a fancy uniform," CR said, confirming the story. "It really did shake him up."

CR wished us well and rode off into the sunrise. We turned down a Forest Service road, slid across a few cattle guards and finally left the truck in a grove of Emory oaks on the flats a bit to the north of the mouth of Copper Glance. There were coyote tracks in the thicket. At least one animal had been there only a few hours before because the grains of snow thrown up around the prints were still distinct and fluffy, not melted by the sun. The coyote had been nosing under logs and pawing at dry clumps of yucca that are often refuges for mice. This animal had probably been having a dull time of it; rather than carrying his tail curled alertly over his back, he had often dragged it absentmindedly.

Another dog—a fox—had been making somewhat the same rounds and had occasionally used the trail that the coyote had broken in the snow. I thought it was probably a gray, simply because they are very common, but Will wasn't convinced. He thought it might have been a kit fox because the prints were very small. "They've come back since you left," he said. "I saw two or three this fall."

"We saw only one the whole year we were here," I said.

"I love to watch those little fellows," Will said. "The way they tippy-toe along like they were walking on eggs."

Besides tracks there are a good many other signs that contribute to trailing—displaced rocks, broken vegetation, bits of hair, tunnels, holes. A dependable one is scat, which every mortal being must sooner or later leave behind. Scats provide a somewhat more complete record than tracks, indicating not only that a creature was in a given spot at a given time, but also something about what it had been doing at least a few hours previously. A raccoon dropping that contains crayfish shell and is found high on a dry rocky ledge is evidence that the animal has ranged at least as far downhill as the nearest stream. Most mammalogist camps have a scat bag, and there are always scats to be dissected and recorded. It is tedious, though not particularly repulsive, work, and it is a good source of information about feeding habits, foraging territories and ecological relationships.

Scatology suggested that the winter had been a fairly hard one, at least for the coyotes and foxes that had been hunting the oak flat. There was scarcely any hair or other animal remains in the droppings. They were made up almost exclusively of traces of juniper berries, which are the C rations of these mountains, the food everything from rodents to carnivores turns to when other pickings are slim.

The first creature we met in the flesh was a roadrunner. There is a certain accuracy about the cartoon characterizations of roadrunners. They are indeed birds with an irascible, arrogant, vaguely rascally air. This one jumped out of a patch of agave, gave us a belligerent, go-to-hell glare and then made one of its patented sprints, disappearing in a ravine.

"I was in Ash Canyon in summer," Will said. "We hadn't had any rain in months and it was so dry you could hear the centipedes rustling in the manzanita leaves. Suddenly there was a terrible commotion going on up above me, and when I got there I found this roadrunner flopping around in the middle of a patch of beaten-down weeds. Both its wings were broke and probably other things. The sorriest

continued

coyote you ever saw was just lying there a few feet away. Its eyes were gone, and he had blood all over him from a lot of gashes. I shot both of the poor things, but that bird had put up some kind of fight. If it had been a man we would've pinned a medal on him and made him champion of the world."

We forded a stream and for the rest of the day climbed along it. Because of this watercourse, Copper Glance is one of the places in the Huachucas where there are small, wet meadows. On one of them, in September after a rainy spell, I had an experience that would be a good one to remember on the day I die. My son Ky and I had spent the morning working slowly up Copper Glance. We stopped to eat lunch in a meadow that lay in the full sun. The meadow was carpeted with wild flowers, and the flowers, the grass, the bushes and everything else were coated with butterflies: swallowtails, sulphurs, skippers, satyrs and others that were exotic to us. Ky and I wondered how many butterflies there might have been in that meadow—thousands certainly and probably tens of thousands. For them, we were simply two additional perches. As we ate we gently brushed them away so as not to crunch up any wings, but when we were finished we lay back and let them alight. For 15 minutes we lay under spangled blankets, brushed and delicately massaged by the butterflies.

There were no butterflies in Copper Glance on this January morning, but the esthetics were almost as remarkable. In the tight canyon it was windless. The snow lay much as it had fallen the previous day, in puffy carpets and mounds on the ground and in free-form patterns on the needles of the pines and firs and leaves of the live oaks. We came into the canyon about the same time the sun did, and it backlit the woods and the ice formations along the creek, making them glimmer like crystal chandeliers. We came upon six white-tailed deer, which stood motionless for an instant under a huge, shining alligator juniper, as if posing for a Christmas card or a Disney producer.

Will is a backslapper or, more accurately, given his size and exuberance, a back-smasher. He beat on mine and said, "A man could have a million dollars and not have what we've got right this minute."

After the storm had passed, most of the inhabitants of the canyon had come out frisky and hungry from whatever shelter they had taken. Fresh tracks were everywhere, almost too numerous for our purposes. Deer, squirrel and rabbits were so active that their sign tended to obliterate everything else. A ring-tailed cat, the smallest and shyest of the native raccoons, had been working in a pine grove through which we walked, but we wouldn't have known had we not noticed a faint trail diverging from a hodgepodge of cottontail signs and heading toward a cliff where rabbits would have no legitimate business. We followed far enough to find tail-drag marks and a decent set of prints made by the darting, light-footed animal.

In a shallow draw a number of deer had churned up the snow, but they had missed a patch on the lee of a boulder that held the impression of a single, roundish paw. There had to be others, and we cast around, circling the deer mess until we picked up more of these prints. We stopped to have a smoke and figure out what we had found. In theory and fiction, trailers immediately recognize every sign they see, but my experience has been that this is not the case in practice. Sheer ignorance aside (nobody is apt to know all the signs he comes across), the evidence is often obscure and the possibilities various. The general procedure is to apply Ockham's Razor: test the simplest possibility first, and if that does not prove out move on to others. Our deliberations and conclusions were more or less as follows.

In these parts the most commonly found, largish four-toe-and-pad tracks are likely to have been made by one of the canines. However, the first clear impression we found eliminated this possibility. There were no claw marks at the end of the toes, as there would have been had a canine left the sign. This was a cat of some sort; cats usually retract their claws while traveling. There were two reasonable feline possibilities: a mountain lion or a bobcat. The lion is a much larger animal, but in this case the impression had spread and softened in the dry snow and size alone could not settle the matter. Either a small lion or a large bobcat could have made the track. We began to speculate about behavior. The trail led upward onto the canyon wall and disappeared in a jumble of boulders and bare ledges. Either of the cats could have gone that way, but lions are a bit more inclined to follow open established trails. Also, we found no tail marks, which a lion can—but does not always—leave and a bobcat cannot. Will made another point: "If it was a lion that small, it probably would be this year's. But mostly when they're that young they're still traveling with their mamas, and we only have one here."

The circumstantial evidence suggested bobcat, but there remained one other remote possibility. It was impossible to absolutely eliminate the ocelot. There had been no record of one in the mountains in years, but they had been there in the past and one could still stray in—though if one did, it was very likely nobody would know about it. The strong probability was that a bobcat had crossed Copper Glance canyon during the previous evening; the ghost of a chance that it had been something else is why the Huachucas are such an interesting place to trail.

"Did you ever see one?" Will asked about bobcats.

"Not here, but twice in the East, just for a second or so," I said.

"I saw one here, in Bear Canyon. It was gone like that. They're the hardest thing there is to see. Look at us, how much we've been out trailing and we've only had about 15 seconds' worth of bobcat between us."

Beyond the fact that in both activities a lot of time is spent walking along head down looking for something, there is another similarity between golf and trailing. When you hit a golf ball, it is generally aimed at the hole and there is a possibility it will go in, but the chance is remote and is seldom realistically anticipated. In the same way, signs can be followed until their maker is found and run into its hole, so to speak, but this involves so much luck and work that it is not a practical reason to go trailing. Yet as a climax to this splendid day we brought off the equivalent of a hole-in-one, or at least of sinking a long approach shot.

Copper Glance is a good place for javelina, the tough, pugnacious little wild pig that roams the Southwest in small

continued

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family groups. We may well have passed some of their hoofprints on the way up without identifying them because of the erasures and smudges made by the deer. At about 7,000 feet we came on a very straight trail made by a number of somethings that had crossed the stream going to or from the wall of the canyon. Considerable recent use had turned the trail into a mush in which no individual prints were clear, but the probability was that they were javelinas because they move along in close-order groups, rather than cavorting about individually like deer. Backtracking along the trail confirmed this guess. It led into the mouth of an abandoned mine tunnel. No deer would go into such a place, but javelinas very obviously had: tracks aside, their scent, a strong, skunky one, was evident. Cautiously, with an eye to quick escape routes, we tossed a few pebbles to see if we could flush out anything.

Javelinas have a local reputation for ferociously attacking anyone who gets in their way. I met one hunter who claimed great familiarity with these savage beasts. He said they would chase a man up a tree and then wait in a circle below it until he starved to death, fell out and became pig food. The man was a Phoenix road hunter who tended to be terrified by things both real and mythic in the mountains. Yet there is a basis of fact in the javelina attack stories. They are shortsighted and upon hearing or smelling something strange often will trot closer to see what it is. They may come directly at you for this purpose, but they are easily avoided simply by stepping out of their way. Generally, it is prudent to do so. They are not savage killers, but for a 40-pound animal standing no higher than a boxer dog they have extremely powerful jaws with formidable teeth, two of which are tusks. Now and then somebody ends up with a badly mauled leg because of getting crossways with a javelina.

There was no response to the stones we threw in the tunnel so we went back across the stream and, heads down, began to follow the javelina path in the other direction. Our heads came up quickly only a hundred feet or so from where we started when we heard a sharp commanding grunt. Ahead of us stood an obviously agitated sow. Her bristly mane was raised, she was pawing the ground audibly, and she was suggestively gnashing her teeth. Farther up the slope, three animals that looked to be yearlings and a mature boar were unconcernedly uprooting and munching away on prickly pears. We stopped dead in our tracks and soon saw why the sow was so exercised. Two newly born offspring (an umbilical cord was still attached to the sow) stood just behind her in a rough circle of bare pine needles from which the snow had been pawed and scraped. The piglets may not have known we were there and gave no indication that we had alarmed them. The sow, on the other hand, obviously did not want us around and would have run us off had she been free to do so. She did make a series of short, noisy charges in our direction but never moved more than 10 feet or so from her infants. Recognizing this safety margin we edged to within 50 feet of the family to watch. The unsteady piglets pushed at leaves with their snouts, bumped each other playfully and nursed when the sow was not occupied rushing and swearing at us.

"She would fight for those little fellows until you killed her," Will said approvingly. "There isn't anything but death will make her leave them. I was thinking about some hippies I saw over in Bisbee. They had hair down to their tails and were all dressed up in leather suits and beads and cowboy hats. They had a little tiny girl, I guess it was theirs, with them. It was a cold day but that little thing was barefooted and just wearing a pair of bib overalls. Her hair was all snarled. I'd like to bring her mama over and show her this javelina and let her think about it."

"Come on, Will."

"I'm serious. The first rule for everything, people or pigs, is take care of the little ones, no matter what, no matter what it costs. We've got a lot of problems because too many people have forgotten why that mama pig acts like she does."

Interested as we were, we decided that too much observation might create harmful stress for the pig family. We forded the stream, made a quiet, cautious circle around the javelinas and continued climbing in the canyon. When we returned in late afternoon they had moved farther back into the brush. The sow had cleared another nursery space in the snow and all seemed in order.

Up and down, we walked about 10 miles in Copper Glance canyon and by the time we got back to the truck we felt all of them. "I'm dragging," Will said. "I've spent too much time being a dozer jockey lately. But"—he uncorked one of his back-smashers—"what we've been doing is about as good a way as two old fellows could find to get tired."

The following day, 15-year-old Jimmy Sparks, Will's son, and I went off on an overnight trip, intending to traverse the main summit of the Huachucas and see what was abroad there. As far as we could tell, nothing was moving in the snow squalls and deep drifts at 8,300 feet. The last significant track we found was a good one, indisputably made by a mountain lion. The animal had hurriedly crossed the ridge through a col. We sensed that by the time the lion reached the top he had decided that whatever he originally had in mind was a mistake. We soon came to the same conclusion. At 9,000 feet the snow was four feet deep but still so soft and dry that even with snowshoes we sank into it up to our hips. After wallowing for a while we, like the lion, gave up and turned down to camp at the head of Sawmill Canyon. We packed out the next day without reaching the summit, traveling, in ecological terms, from Canada to Arizona in the course of a 4,000-foot descent. When we started, Jimmy had said he wanted to be an Arctic explorer when he grew up; when we finished he said he thought exploring jungles might be better.

On the last day I went up Montezuma Canyon to the old cabin where we had lived during the coati study. I was alone, as I preferred to be because of the ghosts and emotions the place arouses. At an old stock tank where we had swum and drawn water I found chulo tracks and then a chulo, an old male grumpily turning over mine tailings looking for lizards or whatever. He could have been a lonely survivor of the tribe we knew, one of the cubs of our day, or a pioneer, the forerunner of a new tribe coming to reoccupy the canyon. Either way it was a satisfying finale for me, for as Will had said, you don't get a better day for trailing, or for almost anything else, than the one we had in Copper Glance canyon on this mountain island. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 31-Jan. 6

Compiled by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA It had been a long time since New York-area fans had much to cheer about, but last week they got a double treat. The young Knicks ran their winning streak to five games and went over .500 for the first time in a month. Michael Ray Richardson, who leads the league in assists (8.79 per game) and steals (3.28), had 17 assists—10 in one quarter—and four swipes in pacing New York to a 128–120 victory over San Antonio and 13 assists and five steals in a 138–101 win over San Diego. In that game the Knicks led the Clippers 42–2 after the first quarter. Meanwhile the Knicks' neighbors, the Nets, beat Houston 104–101 despite 39 points from Moses Malone and Central Division leader Atlanta 126–119. After missing 33 games because of an injured right knee, Center Artis Gilmore *returned to the lineup and led the Bulls to a 121–118 victory* over San Diego. George Gervin scored 42 points in San Antonio's 138–109 win over Phoenix, and then the Spurs scored 18 consecutive points in the fourth quarter to beat Boston 119–111. Nonetheless the Celtics remained on top in the Atlantic Division with a league-leading .760 percentage, 1½ games in front of Philadelphia. In an 128–121 victory over Utah, Scott Wedman of Kansas City scored a career-high 45 points and then got 27 more points, and Otis Birdsong had 37 as the Kings defeated the Hawks 12–10. The Kings also beat the Spurs 115–106 and took a half game Midwest lead over Milwaukee, which lost to the Jazz 95–88. A rematch of last year's championship series went into double overtime. This time, though, Washington defeated Seattle 139–134. Elvin Hayes coming through with nine points in the second OT. The Sonics remained first in the Pacific Division, 16 percentage points in front of Los Angeles. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored 60 points in the Lakers' two wins and brought his career total to 33,192, putting him past Elgin Baylor and into fifth on the all-time list. And Denver's George McGinnis didn't seem to learn his lesson. In his first game following a three-game suspension for knocking down a referee, McGinnis was ejected for getting two technicals on the same second-quarter play—for arguing with the referee. The Nuggets beat Detroit anyhow, 135–116.

WBL New York continued to dominate the league, beating Minnesota 114–97. Iowa 109–101 and St. Louis 101–100 to bring its Eastern Division lead to 4½ games and its record to 13–2. San Francisco and Houston are tied for first place in the West, and Minnesota, losing two, remained on top in the Midwest.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Undefeated Alabama beat Arkansas 24–9 in the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans and won unanimously the unofficial national title, and USC defeated Ohio State 17–16 in the Rose Bowl (*page 28*). In the Orange Bowl in Miami, Oklahoma won 24–7 over Florida State with 12 seconds to go. Eric Herring caught a tipped six-yard touchdown pass from Terry Ebston to give Houston a 17–14 victory over Nebraska in the Cotton Bowl in Dallas. Baylor beat Clemson 24–18 at the Peach Bowl in Atlanta, and Purdue triumphed 27–22 over Tennessee in the Bluebonnet Bowl in Houston.

PRO FOOTBALL—Pittsburgh defeated Houston 27–13 for the AFC title. Los Angeles won the NFC championship with a 9–0 victory over Tampa Bay (*page 14*).

GOLF—BOB CLAMPETT, 19, a junior at Brigham Young, won the $120,000 Spalding Invitational Pro-Am on the Monterey Peninsula, a non-tour event, with a 16-under-par 272 and became the first amateur since 1956 to win a significant open tournament.

HOCKEY—It was no more Mr. Nice Guys for the Flyers as they defended themselves against the New York Rangers and Madison Square Garden fans to extend their record unbeaten streak to 34 games (*page 22*). The 5–3 victory brought Philadelphia's point total to 60, five more than Buffalo, which beat Pittsburgh 5–4 and Winnipeg 6–2 and has won 15 of its last 19 games. Chicago defeated Boston 5–3 and Colorado 5–2 at home and then traveled to Montreal to hand the Canadiens their 16th loss of the season, despite the return to the lineup of Montreal Goalie Denis Herron, who had missed 23 games with a fractured collarbone. The Canadiens also lost 5–3 to Pittsburgh for their seventh straight road defeat. Darryl Sittler of Toronto ended a six-week drought to score his 300th career goal, but to no avail. The Maple Leafs lost 7–3 to Quebec and have just 36 points, two fewer than the expansion Nordiques. Rogie Vachon stopped 25 shots to help Detroit to a 4–2 win over the Islanders, who now have been beaten 16 times, one more than all last year. Gordie Howe entered his fifth decade in pro hockey as one of Hartford's most consistent scorers, with 11 goals. That may explain the Whalers' 9–7–10 record, especially since Howe has not scored since Dec. 7.

HORSE RACING—In his first start as a 4-year-old and his first in California, SPECTACULAR BID ($2.60), Bill Shoemaker up, won the $81,550 Malibu Stakes at Santa Anita, covering the seven furlongs in a track-record 1:20 and finishing five lengths ahead of Flying Paster.

SWIMMING—TRACY CALLKINS won the 200-meter individual medley in 2:13.69, breaking her own world record set in 1978 by .38, at the Women's International Competition in Austin, Texas.

TENNIS—BRIAN GOTTFRIED and RAUL RAMIREZ defeated Wojtek Fibak and Tom Okker 3–6, 6–4, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3 to win the $200,000 World Doubles Tennis Championship at Olympia, England.

GUILLERMO VILAS won his second straight Australian Open title in Melbourne, 7–6, 6–3, 6–2 over John Sadri. BARBARA JORDAN defeated Sharon Walsh 6–3, 6–3 in the finals of the women's singles.

TRACK—Two world indoor records were set at the Muhammad Ali Invitational in Long Beach. HOUSTON McTEAR won the 60-meters in 6.38, and EVELYN ASHFORD won the women's 60 in 7.04 (*page 16*).

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: By Arizona State, FRED MILLER, the athletic director who dismissed football Coach Frank Kush on Oct. 3.

By the University of Florida as basketball coach JOHN LOTZ, 44, after guiding the Gators to a 15-11 record this season. Ed Visscher was named acting coach.

NAMED: As head football coach by Northern Illinois BILL MALORY, 44, former coach (1974–80) of the University of Colorado, who had a 35–21 record.

HIRED: As coach of the CFL Toronto Argonauts, WILLIE WOOD, 43, former Packer defensive back. He's the first black coach of a major pro football team.

DIED: FRANK WYKOFF, 70, a sprinter who won gold medals as a member of the U.S. 400-meter relay teams in the 1928, 1932 and 1936 Olympics, of emphysema in Pasadena, Calif.

Middleweight Boxer TONY THOMAS, 21, of a blood clot on the brain suffered during a Dec. 22 fight in Spartanburg, S.C.

CREDITS

14,15—Walter Iooss. **16**—Tony Tomsic. **17**—Greg Kuelpmann. **18-20**—George Tiedemann. **21**—Vernon Miller. **22,23**—Barton Silverman. **24**—Tom Jenkins. **29**—Richard Mackson. **30**—Peter Read Miller. **31**—Peter Read Miller (top), Henry Horenstein. **32**—Peter Read Miller. **33**—Courtesy USC Athletic Department. **34**—Bill Strode. **103**—Peter Read Miller (top right), Richard Mackson (2). **105**—Peter Read Miller. **106**—Richard Mackson (top), Peter Read Miller. **109**—Barry Tenor.

FACES IN THE CROWD

KIM EISENHART
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIF.

Eisenhart, 22, a 6'3" sophomore, led a pair of Golden West College teams to state community-college titles. She averaged 13 points and 15 rebounds for the 30–0 basketball squad and had 363 kills for the 19–1 volleyball team.

GEORGE LABELLE
ANDOVER, MASS.

LaBelle, 40, a fireman, amassed 110 victories in sprints, hurdles, throwing events and the long jump in state meets last year. His 16.6 in the 110-meter hurdles broke the 40-and-older record at the Minnesota fitness-program championships.

LILANI TAGHAN
FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.

Lilani, 14, a 90-pound two-time U.S. Judo Association national junior champion with a 114–17 record in AAU-sanctioned competition, won the USJA Mid-American Women's lightweight title in Memphis over older and heavier opponents.

JEFF CISCO
ST. MARYS, OHIO

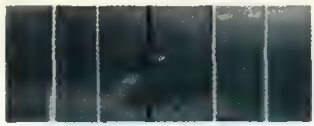
Jeff, a 175-pound senior halfback at Memorial High and the son of Expos Pitching Coach Galen Cisco, gained 1,784 yards and scored an Ohio class AA record 234 points in leading the Roughriders to their third straight 10–0 season.

JUSTIN BRUNELLE
NORTH SALEM, N.Y.

Justin, 9, scored 50 goals in 16 games this season for the North Salem Bobcats of the American Youth Soccer Organization while playing both forward and defense. He has 120 goals in his three-year, 39-game AYSO career.

BOBBY JOE DOUGLAS
MARION, LA.

Bobby Joe, 17, a 5'9", 125-pound senior guard averaging 53.8 points per game for Marion High School, scored 93 in a 114–44 victory over Ouachita Christian. His previous high was 72 points earlier this year against Dubach High.



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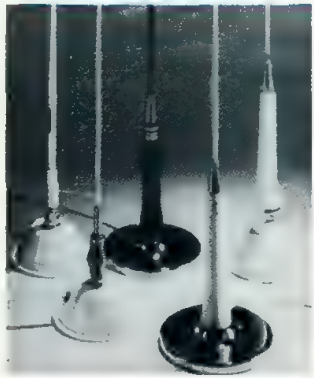

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GOLD-STAR GUYS

Sir:

Ron Fimrite wrote an excellent article on Sportsmen of the Year Willie Stargell and Terry Bradshaw (*Two Champs from the City of Champions*, Dec. 24-31), but the photograph of Willie and Terry with the steelworkers said it all. During my vacations from school the past four summers I've worked in the mill shown, and I recognize most of those "other Pittsburgh guys." After looking at the picture for a while I realized something: if you'd taken away Willie's and Terry's gold and black uniforms, everyone in the photo would've looked the same. All the faces seem to radiate a confidence that says, "I love to work hard, play hard, be hard, and yet I'm compassionate, understanding. I care."

Maybe these are the attributes needed to hit rockets out of Three Rivers Stadium and give much of your spare time to help find a cure for sickle cell anemia. Maybe these are the attributes needed to throw TD passes in the Super Bowl and be a good Christian. Maybe these are the attributes needed to become Sportsman of the Year. Maybe. I know for sure that these are the attributes needed to work in a Pittsburgh steel mill, come home dead tired and be a loving husband and father.

PAUL KOCHKA JR.
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Why are Willie Stargell and Terry Bradshaw laughing on your cover? *Not* because they were just named Sportsmen of the Year, although I'm sure they—and Pittsburgh—are certainly proud of the honor. They're laughing because Pops Stargell has just adorned Bradshaw's headgear with three of his cherished gold stars! If you don't believe me, dig out your Dec. 24-31 issue.

KEITH R. STEPHENSON
Meadville, Pa.

• A second look at the steelworkers pictured in that issue will reveal that those Pittsburgh guys were wearing some of Stargell's gold stars on their hard hats, too.—ED.

MORE PITTSBURGH CHAMPS

Sir:

You mentioned that Pittsburgh is the City of Champions and gave credit to the Pirates, Steelers and the Pitt Panthers, who won the 1979 Lambert Trophy. However, you omitted the Carnegie-Mellon football team. The Tartans were awarded the 1979 Lambert Cup, which is given to the best small college team in the East. Carnegie-Mellon finished the season with a 10–1 record, losing only to Ithaca, 15–6, in the NCAA Division III semifinals. The Tartans also have won the Presidents' Athletic Conference title for the past three years.

KENNETH MURAWSKI
Pittsburgh

JIM MARSHALL'S RETIREMENT

Sir:

That was a great article on Jim Marshall (*A Man for 20 Seasons*, Dec. 24-31). He is one of the wonders of the world, and it saddens the hearts of Vikings fans to see him retire, although it had to happen sooner or later. I can't help thinking, however, that ever since the Vikings' last NFL championship, in 1969, before the merger, the press has been obsessed with the idea that the Vikings "are old." Well, now the old folks are gone and the Vikes have the youth everyone thought they should have. And guess what. The Vikes are out of the playoffs for the first time in seven years.

JEFF KOCH
Alice, Texas

Sir:

I may be the only one who feels this way, but I have watched Jim Marshall off and on for the past three years and I can't believe that the Viking management couldn't have found a younger player who could have helped the team more. It is commendable to play for 20 years, but Marshall hasn't been what the team needed for the last few years.

KARL K. BELL
Largo, Md.

Sir:

The example set by Jim Marshall is surely an ideal one to follow for any youngster who has athletic aspirations.

ROBERT L. LANDRY
Leesburg, Va.

RUNNING UP THE SCORE

Sir:

If I were a professional football coach, I'd begin next season by telling everyone that my team would try to win every game it played by as many points as possible until it was certain of a playoff spot (or had been mathematically eliminated).

With two wild-card playoff berths per conference and with parity resulting from scheduling policies and the diffusion of talent throughout the league, the NFL's tie-breaking system, which compares point differentials, will have to be employed more and more often to determine home-field advantage—or even whether a team makes the playoffs at all. Consideration of the tie-breaker overrides any sportsmanly reluctance to run up the score. In fact, any coach who does not win

continued

We found some gas in the Baltimore Canyon.

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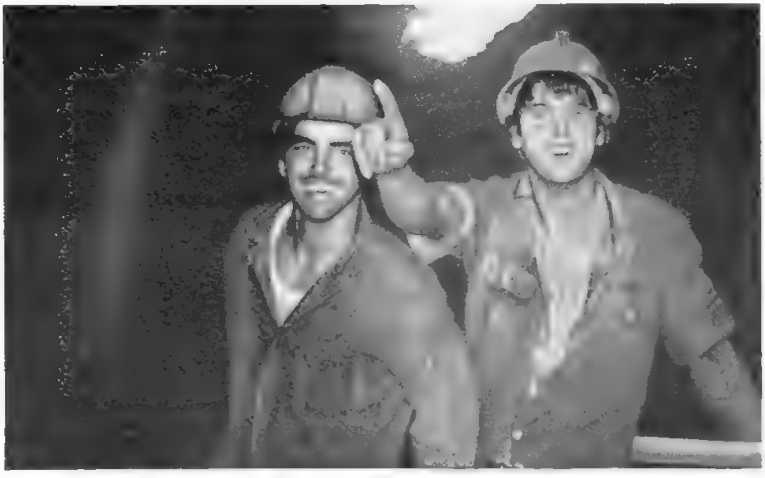

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More recently, Texaco's test drillings have confirmed that natural gas is there. Exactly how much is still unknown, but the evidence so far gives us hope we'll find the energy you need.

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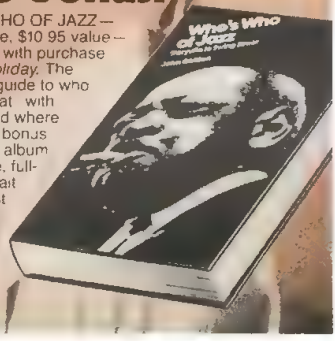

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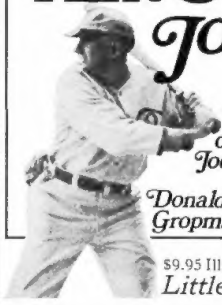

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by the widest margin possible will be doing a disservice to his team and its fans.

Of course, this must be done judiciously. A coach would be foolish to risk a loss in a close game just to score more points. However, if a coach's team is up by, say, three touchdowns with 30 seconds to play, and he does not tell his players to try for another score, he better pray his team doesn't end up on the short end of a tie-breaker at the end of the season.

MIKE WIGGIN
Doraville, Ga.

BIG LEAGUE HIGH SCHOOLS (CONT.)

Sir:

In 19TH HOLE of Dec. 17, Southern California high school Baseball Coach John O. Herbold II answered St. Louisan George F. Walden's Nov. 26 question about which high schools have produced the most big-leaguers. Herbold touted Long Beach Poly and Los Angeles' Fremont High as the leaders, with 17 and 15 major-leaguers, respectively.

Now hear this from Northern California. A very small section of Oakland has two high schools that together have produced 29 major-leaguers: Oakland Technical, with 18, and McClymonds, Oakland's smallest public high school, with 12. (Each total includes Curt Flood, who played for both schools.) Al Kyte, Tech's retired baseball coach, developed most of his school's 18 big-leaguers, including Cookie Lavagetto, Flood and USC Coach Rod Dedeaux (before Rod moved to a Hollywood high school). What's more, the 29 major-leaguers from this neighborhood don't include East Oaklanders Bill Rigney, Jackie Jensen, Rudy May, Joe Morgan and others.

Oakland has been taking its knocks lately, but as an incubator for major-leaguers, it takes a backseat to no city. Now let's hear from a school that can outproduce Oakland Technical, or a coach who can match my friend Al Kyte.

GEORGE POWLES
Walnut Creek, Calif.

• Reader Powles should take a bow, too. He coached baseball at McClymonds for 15 years (1947-62) and produced Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson, among others.—ED.

Sir:

In the Nov. 26 issue, George F. Walden mentioned Earl Weaver as one of 13 who went on from St. Louis' Beaumont High to the big leagues.

I believe Grover Resinger, who like Weaver never played in the majors, should have been included on that list, because he played for Beaumont and later became a coach for the Braves, White Sox, Tigers and Angels.

R. C. WALKER
Hurst, Texas

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